THE LIVING AGE

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for July, 1936

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THE GUIDE POST

TO OCCIDENTAL minds, China has always been a more or less impenetrable mystery, and it is only a little less so today than it was after the Polo brothers paid their first visit to the court of the Great Khan over six hundred years ago. We still know almost nothing about what goes on in the vast stretches of the interior; and though they are faithfully reported, the moves and decisions of the various governments and war lords of the seaboard provinces often seem wholly capricious to us.

This is particularly true of the latest developments in the Southwest, where for some time there has been growing agitation for a war of defense against Japan; and where early last month the Canton Government was threatening a civil war against Nanking. In this issue we present the case of the Canton Government as it was expressed by one of its leading figures just before the trouble began. General Li Tsung-jen is Commander-in-Chief of China's Fourth Army; in 1933 he was one of the leaders of the Fukien Province rebellion. In *I Call China to War* (which is really an interview rather than an article, having been written down by a correspondent of the *Canton Truth* after a conversation with the General, and then, with his permission, published), he gives the reasons why he and his associates believe China must challenge Japan to battle. [p. 384]

BUT Nanking is embarrassed by these belligerent demands from Canton not only because of the strength of Japan but also because of a threat from the rear: despite all assertions, the Chinese Communists are by no means licked, and in a war with Japan they would be the first to challenge the war lords' leadership. From the *New Statesman and Nation* of London we reprint an article which sums up rather concisely the present position and future prospects of the soviets of China. Its author, Mr. George E. Taylor, is an Englishman who has lived in China for five years; he speaks Chinese fluently, and is therefore in a position to write from intimate knowledge of the country and its people. [p. 389]

ON THE second anniversary of the Nazi 'blood purge' of June 30, 1934, Heidelberg University will celebrate with much pomp and ceremony its 550th birthday. Dr. Felix E. Hirsch, himself a graduate of the University, and later political editor of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, takes the occasion to defend the German scholars from the charge of cowardice which has often been brought against them since Hitler came to power. Dr. Hirsch is now a voluntary exile from Germany; he makes his home in the United States. [p. 393]

NEXT we have two articles on the 'new' Italy, the 'Empire' proclaimed by Mussolini after the occupation of Addis Ababa. Of these, the first, by an Italian émigré, is an attempt to prove that the future of that Empire is none too rosy. Sour grapes? Only the future will tell. [p. 400]

THE other article in the group is by a Frenchwoman who says that she 'spent two weeks scouring Rome' in search of an intelligent and disinterested Fascist, and that in spite of her efforts she failed to find a single one. She goes on to present some observations and reflections on Fascists and Fascism of a sort which, if not calculated to please the rabid anti-Fascists, is not likely to bring much joy to the pro-Fascists, either. [p. 404]

THE strikes, riots and other disturbances in Palestine have been the subject of

(*Continued on page 470*)

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THE LIVING AGE

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The World Over

THE PEOPLE'S FRONT did not win the general election in France on the old cry 'Turn the rascals out of Parliament.' That had sufficed for the ineffective Left victories of 1924 and 1932. But in the electoral contest last May, the 'rascals' were identified for the first time with the financial oligarchy which had ruled France outside the Chamber of Deputies, through the agencies of the Bank of France and the Comité des Forges. Hence the slogans 'Down with the two hundred families' and 'Hang Wendel' proved more popular than 'Remember Stavisky.' With a radical program—including nationalization of the armament business, public works, reform of the Bank of France, end of deflation—this alliance of Communists, Socialists, Socialist Union, Independent Socialists and Radicals obtained a total of 381 seats, a clear majority. Thus they possess a mandate for a New Deal.

The comparison between the People's Front success and the Democratic landslide in this country is by no means far-fetched. Alexander Werth, *Manchester Guardian* correspondent, finds that the new premier, Léon Blum, enjoys an almost Rooseveltian popularity among the masses of the people. They see in him a 'symbol of a new hope' and they have faith that he will not turn coat like Ramsay McDonald.

Probably the most concrete evidence that Blum means business lies in his promise to nationalize the armament industry. For the latest munitions scandal has aroused much protest. Last month THE LIVING AGE published an article by Paul Allard describing how France was

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supplying Germany with iron ore for her armament program. Now Francis Delaisi, writing in the new Left weekly, *Vendredi*, reveals that the situation is even worse, that without France's iron ore Germany could not rearm. He says: 'France is at present the largest seller [of iron ore] to Germany, supplying 28 per cent of the whole German consumption. Suppose she reduced her sales by two-thirds; she would reduce the Reich's supply to the level of last year and paralyze its war manufactures.'

Germany, Delaisi points out, can buy iron ore only from those iron-producing countries where there is a sufficient commercial balance in favor of Germany (because the Reich treasury lacks gold and consequently has enforced severe currency restrictions). But there are only two of these countries, France and Sweden. Already Germany is taking 90% of Sweden's iron ore and there is a limit to the Swedish supply. France, therefore, as a source of the most important mineral used in armament production, is a vital link in the German war program.

That the Blum Government contemplates some move in this situation could be gathered from an article by Paul Faure, close friend of Blum and secretary of the Socialist party, in a recent issue of *Populaire*, organ of the Socialists. Mr. Faure suggested that if Hitler refused to assent to Blum's plan for peace and disarmament, raw material sanctions might be invoked to stop his war preparations.

STANLEY BALDWIN for the present has successfully weathered attacks on his Cabinet by groups within his own party. His Conservative opponents, the Chamberlain-Churchill-Eden coalition, did not exploit the budget leak scandal. Only Mr. J. H. Thomas was involved, and he, as a former Labor man, was, to use the phrase current in the Carlton Club, 'not one of us.' Also, Sir Austen Chamberlain has vacillated on foreign policy even more than Mr. Baldwin. He was all for sanctions; now he is dead against them. Winston Churchill has made some fiery speeches directed at Mr. Baldwin, but these have not been deemed 'good form.' Besides, people are still rather uncertain about the volatile Mr. Churchill. Neither of these leaders has announced any clear or definite policy. The *Economist* sums up the situation very well, as follows:—

> 'The truth is that a Government can be overturned only if there is both an alternative group of men and an alternative policy that command general allegiance. A mere collection of picturesque personalities bound together by no program or principle is not enough.'

BUT THERE ARE other troubles for the Baldwin Government. Britain's famous prosperity seems to be entering a critical period. Of course there is plenty of food for the optimist in, for instance, the index number of industrial production (Board of Trade figures), which was

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123.1 for the first quarter of this year as compared with 120.8 for the last quarter of 1935 and 113.0 in the first quarter of last year. Also, iron and steel output increased 20 per cent, the building industry 10.5 per cent, engineering and shipbuilding 9.5 per cent, food, drink and tobacco, 8.5 per cent; and in general the manufacturing industry (except minerals) showed an increase in production of 1.8 per cent over the previous quarter and of 9.5 per cent over the same quarter of 1935.

But, as against this, there are some disturbing developments. Britain's trade balance is unfavorable and is growing more so. Her European markets are declining at a disquieting rate. Thus while in the first quarter of this year her imports from Europe increased 9.9 per cent over the corresponding quarter last year, her exports declined by 10.4 per cent. Nor was this entirely because of sanctions against Italy. The decline was steepest—29 per cent—in one of Britain's best markets, Germany. While exports to non-European countries and the Empire offset this and show a total increase of 3 per cent, the tendency is strong enough to move the *Economist* to say: 'In contrast to the striking recovery which has occurred in the meantime in domestic trade activity, the headway we have made in foreign markets is meager and disappointing.'

These figures point their warning at a moment when a decline in house-building, regarded as one of the cornerstones of British recovery, has begun. In his budget speech, Mr. Neville Chamberlain, Chancellor of the Exchequer, recognized this 'slowing down of the rate of building,' but expected that the armament activity would take up the slack. The unhealthy nature of this sort of economics needs no comment. Finally, the Bank of England contributed an additional factor of uncertainty by announcing that bankers' deposits at the Bank had declined from £104,704,589 at the end of April to £80,081,052 by the end of May. Francis Williams, financial editor of the *Daily Herald*, suggests that the Bank is thereby starting on a deflationary policy. He points out that the Bank has probably been moved to reduce bankers' deposits because note circulation has been rising more rapidly than has the Bank's gold reserves and that the obvious remedy for this would be to write up the value of the gold. Here is his interpretation of the situation:—

> That it [the Bank] should force upon the country a policy of deflation with all the serious consequences inherent in such a policy, rather than write up the value of its gold nearer to its present real value, has the most serious significance. It suggests that the Bank is opposed to writing up the value of its gold because it has in mind a return to the gold standard at some future time at or near the old level despite the consequences to our industry of the previous attempt to maintain the gold standard at that level . . . If that is its object, it would indeed appear already to be succeeding—with the Treasury and, indirectly but no less certainly, the public as its first victim. For it was anticipated in the Money Market yester-

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day that there would be a sharp rise in the Treasury bill rate to around 12s. 6d. compared with 11s. a week ago and with a rate of around 10s. for several months previously.

A TREMENDOUS INCREASE of German influence in the Balkans, on a scale which recalls the Berlin-to-Bagdad days preceding 1914, has appeared recently. On the surface there have been the spectacular activities of Fascist elements like the Iron Guard in Rumania and the growing prominence of many small Nazi German colonies in Yugoslavia. Assisting this more or less surreptitious campaign, Germany has openly launched a 'cultural' drive. Slav students are given scholarships bearing fat stipends if they enter German universities. German books and magazines are distributed at prices much lower than French publications. Berlin is fast replacing Paris as the Mecca of South Slav intellectuals. The diplomatic front has been pushed forward by the Balkan visits of General Göring and other high Nazi officials.

But the most effective element of this new *Drang nach Osten* has been economic. In Bulgaria, for instance, Germany's share of Bulgarian exports has risen from 26 per cent to 48 per cent. These are paid for largely in German goods, which now comprise more than 54 per cent of Bulgarian imports. The German Dye Trust has established a subsidiary company engaged in large-scale raising of soy beans. Rumania today finds that Germany is the largest purchaser of her oil; Germany's imports of Rumanian oil rose from 260,000 tons in 1934 to 670,000 in 1935. To pay for this, increasing quantities of German goods have flowed into Rumania and German loans have built up certain raw material industries whose products have a vital significance to Germany's rearmament program: such as Transylvanian copper and bauxite. There are reports that German firms are trying to obtain large shares in Rumanian oil companies. Thus Germany has pursued a clever policy of incurring debts which can be met only if the creditors accept German goods, since Germany under her present currency crisis cannot pay in gold. Meanwhile France relapses into a minor position.

NOWHERE has this situation become so marked as in Yugoslavia. Here the French share of Yugoslav exports has sunk almost to zero. Italy, which used to occupy a strong position in this market, lost her trade by the imposition of sanctions. Germany promptly entered. She diverted to Yugoslavia large orders for farm produce, and especially raw materials for armaments, notably copper, lead, zinc, antimony, chromite, etc. Germany's debt soon increased from 223 million dinars to 470 million dinars. To offset this, Belgrade had to give contracts to German firms for building a hydro-electric plant and a railway works, and for

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furnishing bridge-building material, machinery and rolling stock. However, most widely remarked was the contract which the Yugoslav Government awarded to Krupp for renovating the Zenitza iron and munitions plant. This is cited as an instance of how, in an economic way, Germany is breaking up the Little Entente front. For Belgrade accepted Krupp's offer, although a Czech firm made a lower bid.

Thus, although all this helps Germany's economic problems, it possesses even greater importance politically. Germany by these methods is fast pulling the Little Entente States away from French hegemony, which was badly damaged by the weak rôle Paris played in the Rhineland crisis. No wonder that the Nazi magazine *Europäische Revue* remarks with complacence: 'The figures for the exports of the south-eastern European states to Germany so much outweigh their imports from Germany that Germany is seizing first place.'

BEHIND THE SMOKE-SCREEN of riots, strikes and anti-Semitic disorders in Poland, a fierce struggle for power goes forward between the governing groups. Briefly, it is a fight between the Colonels and the Generals, the former led by Foreign Minister Colonel Beck, the latter by the Commander of the army, General Rydz-Smigly. The Generals are pro-French and anti-Nazi. They view with some military alarm the growing power of Hitler. They minimize the danger from Soviet Russia. The Colonels, on the other hand, incline towards Germany. Colonel Beck has been guest and host at a number of those hunting parties which brought together General Göring and Premier Gömbös of Hungary. In internal politics the Generals show democratic tendencies, whereas the Colonels are Fascistic. General Rydz-Smigly is said to recognize the necessity of establishing a wide popular base for the Government and army. Colonel Beck is allied with various Fascist groups and demands that strikes and other mass-movements be ruthlessly suppressed. Both sides have their backers among the vested interests of the country. The Generals find support among the big industrialists, the Colonels among the large landowners. The *Neue Weltbühne* describes this interesting situation:—

> The Polish crisis has many reasons. The Government party lacks a mass base; it leans upon the bureaucracy and vacillates between the landowners and the industrialists. But the strongest industrial group, under the firm *Leviathan*, is strongly opposed to the landowners, whose representatives are the Colonels. Industry wants friendly relations with the Soviets; it wants to sell to Russia, since the Polish economic system was badly damaged by the failure of Germany to buy its products. The agrarian interests support Beck's friendship for the Third Reich; consequently they are enemies of the Soviets and advocate a military alliance with Germany; they even wish to copy the governing methods of Hitler. Koscialkowski [until recently Premier] perceived that the Government must have

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a wider base. He chose between Right and Left and now seeks a closer relationship with the workers and peasants. The struggles in Lwow and Cracow have clearly shown how radical the Polish working class is . . . The situation recalls that of May 1926, when Pilsudski, with the assistance of the working class, unseated the reaction and established his régime.

The Generals now seem to have the upper hand. They suppressed an issue of the *Gazeta Polska*, mouthpiece of Colonel Beck, for an attack on them. Koscialkowski, the moderate, has been succeeded as premier by Skladkowski, who is considered a puppet of the Generals. But Colonel Beck still retains his old post as Foreign Minister in the new Cabinet.

THE WORLD STRUGGLE for oil, often described in these pages, aggravates the current troubles between Japan and Russia, and suggests one reason why Japan has recently called off her hostilities against Russia. Japan's domestic supply of the fuel for her battle-ships and tanks is sadly inadequate. Besides huge importations from America and the Dutch East Indies, a considerable part of her oil comes from Russian territory on the island of Sakhalin, where in 1925 she obtained a ten-year concession from the Soviet government. Last year the concession expired and Japan obtained a one-year extension. Now she seeks another ten years. *News Review*, the English news-weekly which apes the style of *Time*, explains why Russia hesitates and Japan grows anxious:—

While negotiations proceed, Prime Minister, cocky Hirota, is being as diplomatic as possible over the Mongolian frontier incidents . . . But all is not well. Last year Russia's General Blucher, Commander-in-Chief of the Far Eastern Red Army, protested against extension of the oil contract. Snorted he: 'Extension of the contract is tantamount to supplying war material to the enemy,' and at his instigation Commissar Voroshilov made representations to Moscow. But business man Rosenholtz, head of Russia's Board of Trade, was sorely in need of the good foreign exchange which the Japs paid as royalties on oil produced, so the army was overruled. Last week the Red Army knocked again on Rosenholtz's door, with a more-than-ever emphatic demand that the concession must not be renewed . . .

Now for the first time the Soviet Naphtha Syndicate joins in the struggle on the side of the Army. Claim the Syndicate Commissars: the Sakhalin wells yield at least a quarter of a million tons of high-grade oil a year and Japan should be made to pay through the nose for it, or else return the concession to its original owners.

Rapidly the struggle becomes a free fight, with everyone wanting to join in. No sooner had the Naphtha Syndicate got busy than the Central Executive Committee of the Communist Party dealt a withering blow at the Army and the Syndicate, shot off to Josef Stalin a hotly worded epistle expressing the view that Japan could never be isolated and that it was unwise, for the sake of another five-year extension, further to upset relations between the two countries just at the moment. Slipped into the message was a secret memorandum reminding Ruler Stalin that in case of emergency Russia's submarines would be able to cut off

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supplies from Sakhalin anyway. Oil interests in Russia and Japan are anxiously awaiting Stalin's reply.

ANOTHER MOVE occurred last month in the triangular contest between Japan, Britain and the United States on the Chinese chess-board. The piece, in this case, was silver. The Sino-American Silver Pact, announced on May 18, appeared on the surface to be but another attempt on the part of the United States Government to favor the silver producers of the mountain states. Under this agreement, the United States Treasury is bound to purchase silver from China at market prices, and China guarantees to maintain at least 25 per cent of her currency reserve in silver. This is designed to help silver producers in this country, and to protect them from the possibility that China might throw her silver reserves on the market, thus depressing world prices of the metal.

But this is not all. China is also setting up a central bank with offices in New York. This suggests that a considerable portion of the non-silver reserve (which includes both gold and foreign exchange) will be in American dollars. The London *Statist* remarks: 'Meanwhile they [the Chinese] will have an Exchange Equalization Fund to control the situation, and if we may judge by the arrangements that are being made to keep this fund adequately supplied with U. S. dollars, it should be safe to assume that for the time being the Chinese dollar will be effectively pegged on its American namesake.' Thus the attempt to link Chinese currency to the pound sterling, made during Sir Frederick Leith-Ross's mission to the Far East last year, meets with a defeat. America rather than Britain will hold such foreign control as exists over Chinese currency.

This move is perhaps also directed at Japan. For the smuggling of goods by the Japanese into China *via* Manchuria and the occupied provinces has become a menace of enormous proportions. According to the London *Times* correspondent in Shanghai, writing on May 12, smuggling operations between August 1, 1935, and March 31, 1936, resulted in a loss of £850,000 customs revenue in Tientsin and Chinwangtao. The British are upset because the customs revenues help to pay the service on foreign loans, a large part of which are held in London. But the United States is also concerned because American exports to China declined almost 50 per cent during 1935, largely because of the smuggling. Closer currency relations between China and the United States, as expressed in the new silver plan, are expected to assist American trade.

Meanwhile, Britain, looking at the Sino-American agreement, decides to lie low. The London *Economist* comments: 'There is no need for us to feel much anxiety; and in any case it is a matter between China and the United States.' The next move is Japan's.

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In the first of these two articles, a Canton general tells why he thinks that China should fight Japan; in the second, an English observer estimates the strength of China's communists.

. . . Though China Fall

I. I Call China to War

By General Li Tsung-jen

From the *Canton Truth*, Canton English-Language Weekly

CHINA'S most urgent need today is the salvation of her people. In order that the Chinese people may obtain liberty and equality with other peoples, and that China's territorial integrity may not be further jeopardized, the present impossible state of affairs must not be allowed to continue. We must be aroused from our lethargy. We must move our people to a struggle for national emancipation. We must be prepared to answer our aggressors with resolute measures and, true to our great tradition of self-help and independence, to see our country reduced to ashes rather than submit. Only thus can China exist as an independent nation. In this way alone can we arrive at an amicable and permanent solution of the Sino-Japanese problem.

When a country has been the victim of aggression, it is only proper that it should resist and show the world its spirit of independence and self-help. That Japan's aggression will not stop short of the conquest of the whole of China has been attested to by the Amau Declaration of April 17, 1934. The fate of our country being now in the balance, the question is not whether we can or cannot resist, but whether we should or should not resist. Resist, and we shall stand; submit, and we shall fall. For us there is really no option except resolute armed resistance.

If armed resistance means sacrifices, submission entails greater sacrifices, the result of which can be nothing less than the complete destruction of our country. Despite sacrifices, a war of resistance may pave the way for the regeneration of our nation. It not infrequently happens that pre-

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paredness for war serves to avert a war and to facilitate peace parleys, while unconditional submission only undermines the national consciousness of a people.

Under the wings of the Japanese, with their policy of 'using China to control the Chinese,' Chinese traitors have daily extended their power and have handed more and more territory over to the enemy. When only the last slice of territory remains, it is possible that those of our countrymen who are unwilling to be slaves may rise in armed struggle. But then the struggle will no longer be one with the Japanese direct, but one with our own traitors. Taking advantage of the conflict between the Chinese on the one hand and their traitors on the other, the Japanese can easily attain their object of subjugating the whole of China, which would be one of the greatest tragedies in all history.

Only a war of resistance when there is still time to resist can unite our people against the common foe and serve as a warning to those who, though still loyal Chinese now, may later turn traitor if such anomalous conditions continue indefinitely. Those who advocate a war of resistance are really in the majority, while those of us who are against such a war, and dream of an international conflict in which they would take part, constitute but a small minority.

To the opportunists it seemed at first that Japanese aggression could be stopped by an external Power. This belief led to the policy of relying on the League of Nations alone. That policy having proved to be ineffectual, these opportunists now hope for the eventuality of an international war, thinking that a Russo-Japanese conflict is inevitable, and that the rivalries between Japan and America, on the one hand, and Japan and Britain, on the other, must necessarily lead to a war in the Pacific in the not very distant future. Opportunists see in that event a chance to win back our *terra irredenta*.

Such a materialist way of thinking, however, is a mere mental illusion. For what Japan wants now is the subjugation of China, not a war with the other Powers. Although realizing the Japanese menace, Soviet Russia is now preoccupied with internal reconstruction, and has adopted a policy of peace with all nations while awaiting the outbreak of the 'world revolution' consequent upon the mutual antagonism of the capitalist states. When one considers Hitler's threat to Russia's western border, and the fact that Russia has sold the Chinese Eastern Railway, has proposed non-aggression pacts on every hand, and has consistently tried to avoid an armed conflict with Japan, it becomes at once evident that Soviet Russia knows that her interests do not lie in starting a war with Japan. The recent incidents on the Mongolian border have been mere gestures on the part of Japan, 'anti-Red' propaganda used as a bait for British and American sympathies and as a smoke-screen for covering her encroachments on China.

If Soviet Russia does not relish a war with Japan, neither does Great Britain, for, being an advanced industrial country and having possessions all over the world, she finds it to her interest to maintain the *status quo* and preserve international peace, meanwhile fighting her battles with the rest of the world by purely economic means. As the European situa-

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tion is still unsettled, though she is reluctant to lose the Chinese market, it is doubtful whether Great Britain would go far afield and decide that the time is ripe to start a war with Japan, even though the latter's political and economic competition has been keenly felt.

As for America, her trade with Japan is larger than her trade with China. With their hatred of war, the American people wish only to maintain their Monroe Doctrine, and to extend their economic power abroad by purely diplomatic means. Their abandonment of the Philippines is further evidence of their lack of desire for an immediate war with Japan.

II

If neither Soviet Russia nor Great Britain nor America is willing to go to war alone, they are still less likely, because of their mutual antagonisms, to engage in joint hostilities against Japan. While another world war is probably not impossible, no one knows when it will come. If China does not resist Japan's redoubled aggression, it is certain that no one will help her, and that she will be another Japanese colony before the next world war comes. If we resist in war, it is possible that the international situation thus produced may compel the Powers to adopt a more positive policy toward Japan. Then and not until then shall we be able to make use of an international situation for our own salvation. And then it will be clear who is responsible for having inveigled both China and Japan into the irredeemable catastrophe.

The peace talkers are those who think that everything in Japan, and especially her war machine, is organized on scientific lines: that the Chinese armed force has not a chance against the battleships, airplanes, cannons and machine-guns of Japan; and that China's economic and communication systems are so hopelessly backward that a war with Japan would mean defeat as certain as the outcome of a contest between a grasshopper and the Juggernaut. The logical deduction from such premises is the 'annihilation within three days' theory, which has not only undermined our spirit of self-defense but also whetted the enemy's insatiable appetite by our readiness to temporize and to surrender more and more.

Such a materialistic theory is discredited by the historical facts that Dr. Sun Yat-sen overthrew the Manchu Dynasty with bare hands, and that the Northern Expedition was brought to fruition with relatively poor military equipment. It is discredited also by the success of many a war for national emancipation in which the spirit has triumphed over matter. For many factors decide the success of warfare, and these material resources constitute only one. If we have the determination to resist, though it is superior to ours, the Japanese armed force will meet with insurmountable difficulties when confronted with what seem to most people our 'weaknesses.'

Militarily speaking, Japan's modern and superior war machine will not know how to operate in a wide terrain (such as China), with innumerable people, poor communication, and sources of supplies as yet undeveloped. Under such topographical conditions our enemy can be

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brought through exhaustion to eventual defeat if, determined and united, we adopt the strategy of continuously widening the area of hostilities and entangling the enemy on all sides with the help of armed volunteers. Such strategy, if persisted in, will be fatal to Japan's existence as a State, for she is practically alone in the world and has many insoluble problems and contradictions within her social and economic system. Like France under Napoleon and Germany under William II, Japan, though possibly victorious in the beginning, will be finally laid low, as befits all aggressors and all users of brute force.)

Economically speaking, China has the advantages of economic backwardness and primitive production. If war comes, Japan will of course blockade our sea ports and devastate our sea coasts; but these ports on our coast are mere centers of trade and not centers of production, so that their destruction will not mean the strangulation of our economic life. Our farmers will still be able to work and produce and give us self-sufficiency. With the low standard of living of our people and our soldiers, their patience, and their capacity for work and endurance, they will be able to hold on despite vast sacrifices.

In contrast with China, Japan is a capitalist country with highly developed industries. The business depression has aggravated her economic crisis and embittered the already hard lot of her toiling masses. Her budget deficits have exceeded 800,000,000 yen, and her national debt has increased to over 9,000,000,000 yen. Her manufactures are being barred in many markets of the world. To be sure, her armament industry has been able to withstand the business depression, but only at the expense of other industries. She lacks power resources, provisions, clothing materials, and other necessities. A protracted war with Japan will not only increase her military expenditures to the breaking point, but will also deprive her of the Chinese market, with such certain results as a precipitate fall in exports, decreased productivity, further impoverishment of her proletariat and aggravation of the economic crisis that now stalks in her political arena.

III

Politically speaking, there is in Japan today an ever sharpening conflict between Fascist, Leftist and Liberal schools of thought. Under the strain of war, her present political instability will lead to abrupt changes, not the least of which will be a political imbroglio tantamount to civil war, making it impossible for her to prosecute her foreign war any further. It is probable that, under the impact of foreign aggression and the rally around the standard of war for national emancipation, the Chinese will become more united than ever and their political structure further strengthened. Then, although the Powers may be reluctant to start a war with Japan, yet, if we resist, Japan will fall into such diplomatic isolation that it would be easy for the Powers to help China either morally or materially, and to take advantage of Japan's exhaustion.

After a careful weighing of all the military, economic, political, and international factors, and a due comparison of the parties to the conflict, the conclusion is inescapable that in a war of resistance against Japan China

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is more likely to meet with victory than with defeat.

It has, however, been argued that such a war will result in the destruction of our civilization, and that a policy of forbearance and submission should be preferred to war, which should be resorted to only as the last expedient. Those who make this argument are either under the influence of a special motive or ignorant of what they pretend to know. It can easily be seen that a war of resistance is essential to our national regeneration.

The value of a civilization is measured by the extent to which it ensures the existence and the progress of a people. China's civilization is now in a state of stagnation. The salvation of her people requires the infusion into this stagnant civilization of new life and vigor; and this can be most easily accomplished by a defensive war, for such a war will invigorate the people and change their habits of life.

The idea, 'civilization is life,' is clearly borne out by the fact that a change in the life of a people is always followed by a change in their civilization. History reveals that periods of intense struggle have usually been eras of great activities and great civilization. The latter part of the Chow Dynasty, the Roman Empire in ancient times, and Europe in the nineteenth century are good examples of this. On the other hand, as in the case of Egypt and India, those peoples who have lost the power of defending themselves are in possession of a deteriorating civilization. In order further to develop the civilization we have, and to impart to it the spirit of progress, we should not shrink from the war of defense which has now been imposed upon us.

Even if we wanted only to maintain our civilization as it is, we should need to preserve our political independence and sovereignty. We have not seen a case in which a nation which has lost its political independence and sovereignty could still keep what it had in its civilization. Submission to Japanese Imperialism would mean not only the surrender of our national independence but also the end of our existence as a civilized people. When we hear the argument that a war will result in the destruction of our civilization, we are reminded of an old Chinese saying: 'Nothing is to be more deplored than the death of the heart.' And we hope that this is not an example of a dying heart.

It must also be made clear that a war of resistance is necessary for the permanent and peaceable solution of the Sino-Japanese problem, for our enemies are the Japanese aggressors, and not the Japanese people. For the Japanese people, who are of our own race and have substantially our own culture, and who groan under their militaristic system no less than the Chinese, we have the fullest sympathies.

But in order that such a Government may be established in Japan as will really represent the Japanese people, we, the Chinese, must resist in war. Only thus can the relation between China and Japan be put on the rational basis of equality and mutual assistance.

From the foregoing it must be clear that China's existence as a State depends on whether we resist in war or not, and that success in our war of resistance depends in turn on whether

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or not we can fully employ our spiritual, instead of only our material, power. China's existence depends, in other words, on whether or not our soldiers and our people have awakened to the peril, on whether or not our military and political leaders are equal to their task of leadership, and on whether or not we are ready to make efforts and sacrifices for our national emancipation with a united purpose and a spirit of daring to reduce things to ashes.

Since the War Mustapha Kemal of Turkey and his aids have accomplished such a task. With a true revolutionary spirit, they led their countrymen into a war of national emancipation and fought and sacrificed until finally Turkey was saved by their victory over a strong foe. This is indeed food for careful thought.

II. The Prospects of Communism in China

By George E. Taylor

From the *New Statesman and Nation*, London Independent Weekly of the Left

THE graveyard of Communism in China has been prepared, according to Nanking, and we have only to wait for the Red Armies to starve in the mountains of Szechwan. Admittedly these armies marched through the Government's cordon around the one-time Chinese Soviet Republic of Kiangsi, an earlier graveyard, and Communist generals, after being reported as dead, have been flattered by the rewards offered for their capture. But this time is definitely to be the last. Another lost cause is about to be added to an already long list. Not even Trotski will be there to weep at the grave. Why, indeed, should he? He has never believed in victory for the Chinese Communists if they took up arms in alliance with the Kuomintang, for to him the struggle lay entirely between the industrial workers and the bourgeoisie. The suicide was predicted.

The Nanking Government, of course, claims that the soviets are dying a violent death, and congratulates itself on the passing of a nightmare which has haunted it for eight long years, as well it might have, for the past has not been pleasant to look upon. It is only a dozen years since the Kuomintang (National People's Party), now the National Government of China, a party that did not pretend, at least before 1927, to represent the masses, was joined in unholy matrimony with the newly formed Communist Party, which sought support only among the peasantry, the soldiers and the proletariat. The marriage lines summed up the aims of the revolution as being anti-imperialist and anti-feudal, but this program merely papered over the cracks between the real interests of the two parties.

Many expected an early divorce, but few anticipated that the revolutionary honeymoon would break up, as it did, before reaching Nanking, that the Kuomintang would establish a National Government with the coöperation of the foreign powers, and be faced with a revolting Communist Party and Army. It was natural that both parties should claim to be sole

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legatees of the Revolution and inheritors of the whole estate. Hence eight years of civil war.

The National Government has created a new China and given her far more than the façade of unity, yet, unless it believes its own propaganda, several questions should give it food for thought. Funerals may be prepared, but is Communism being buried dead, or alive? Is there any reason to believe that the dragon of revolution will not in the future, as in the past, grow new heads faster than old ones are lopped off? Does the strength of Communism lie in its territorial extent or does it depend on other things—the quality of its leaders, its capacity to win the support of the people, and its social and military strategy?

To this question Chiang Kai-shek himself provided the answer when he stated that the Chinese soviets must be fought with 70 per cent political and 30 per cent military methods. In other words Communism in China can be estimated only by its nature, not by its size. Here two warnings are in order. Communism cannot be dismissed either as mere agrarian revolt or as ordinary banditry, though many out of blindness or interest take this view. It began in the big towns and was forced out into the poorer rural areas, which are least worth defending by the Government. The backbone of the party is still the industrial workers, students and soldiers. In the movement as a whole, however, the peasantry necessarily play a large, though subordinate, part. The Communist strategy is to give proletarian leadership to agrarian revolt, a task for which industrial workers are well fitted in a country where so many of them come from and return to agriculture.

On the charge of banditry, it is true that the 'Communist bandits,' as the Kuomintang so cleverly classifies the Red Army, are open to the charges of killing, looting and kidnapping, but all this has been done, by and large, with discrimination and for a purpose. The discrimination is between various classes in the villages; the purpose is the sovietization of China.

II

What was done in the application of Communism in Kiangsi can be repeated elsewhere. The 70 per cent political and 30 per cent military methods of Chiang Kai-shek might well describe the strategy of the Communists themselves, for their social-economic policy has to be backed by the Red Army. The Communists, for example, always drive out the existing Government, and certain classes such as landlords, usurers and rich merchants are 'liquidated.' Then, as in Kiangsi, the land is divided, but not nationalized, the agricultural laborers receiving good land, the rich farmers, bad. Economic change is made permanent by the establishment of village, district and provincial soviets; the political sense of the peasantry is aroused by propaganda, organization and participation in local affairs. The toleration of private trading ensures the allegiance of the small merchants, while the encouragement of coöperatives gives the State some control over prices. By factory soviets the industrial workers are given considerable power.

Though special privileges are usually given to the Red Army, to keep

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up morale, the military is always under civilian and political control, and in administration the Communist Party, unlike the Kuomintang, ensured that each soviet executive committee should include non-party members, a wise provision for a new Government.

Thus it is easy to understand why the Soviet Republic had the willing support of a large section of the people, why the Red Armies, with very inferior military equipment, defied five campaigns against them, and why the Government was finally compelled to change its policy and imitate the Communists in order to defeat them. It is some indication of the hold that Communism took in Kiangsi that the Central Government, after recapturing the province, has been forced to accept the Communist redistribution of land in seven counties.

It is one thing for Nanking to accept a military challenge; it is another thing to meet the challenge of achievement. The military struggle has always been unequal. Since 1927 the 'Reds' in China have received only advice and inspiration from Russia; but this has been sufficient to rob them of that air of legitimacy which permeates the National Government, with its German military advisers, its Italian and American airplanes and aviation instructors, and its League of Nations experts. No wonder that the official British attitude towards China changed when the Kuomintang broke with the Communists in 1927, and that Anglo-Chinese relationships were then much improved by the Far Eastern activities of that holy and mysterious thing, British foreign policy.

To the Chinese soviets, of course, British foreign policy is neither holy nor mysterious. To them, as in earlier days to the Kuomintang, the British Empire is part of that ring of imperial powers which has encircled and invaded China with fleets, armies, loans and spheres of interest. Indeed, if the Chinese Red Armies had received as much material help from Russia as the Kuomintang has from Europe and America, the hammer and sickle would now be floating over most of China.

In achievement, which is a matter of quality rather than quantity, the Communists have a case and a hope, as we have seen. But a good case is no guarantee of success. The obstacles are obvious and enormous. The real problem is whether the party can develop from its new base in Szechwan and expand in non-soviet territories in spite of rigorous censorship of the press, prostitution of the intelligentsia through political intimidation, repression in the universities, Government control of trade unions, and all the secret arrests that are customary but none the less to be deplored in a country that has few civil liberties.

For the Communists, external conditions are important but the problems of party growth, leadership and morale are paramount. Granted the right conditions, would they be equal to the occasion? At the moment they would not; they have neither the army nor the organization for countrywide sovietization. It may be comparatively easy to recruit and proselytize soldiers; it is much more difficult to expand among the other classes, students and industrial workers, upon which the party depends for leadership. Not that sympathy and support are lacking among the latter. Red trade un-

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ions exist in most large towns, and 'cells' abound all over the country; and in other classes, such as the poorest peasants and the city poor, material for the movement is plentiful.

These materials have been largely increased by Japanese aggression. Loss of trade and revenue after the Manchurian incident, the cost of the fighting and destruction in the Shanghai war of 1932, the short struggle over the seizure of Jehol in 1933, and the further financial losses apparently involved by the setting up of the Hopei-Chahar political council in 1935, have robbed the nation of funds which might have gone into reconstruction, have made the army the first charge on the national treasury and have undermined the moral position of the Nanking Government.

What, indeed, can Nanking do? If it allows China to become a protectorate of Japan, the present tendency for national patriotism and Communism to become identical will be increased in direct proportion to Japanese domination. If it should fight, the economic consequences are likely to be disastrous for China, and large bodies of unpaid soldiery would be easily converted to Communism. Nor is there much possibility of a compromise with the Communists in case of war with Japan. It is an awkward dilemma.

In the meantime it is possible, according to some, that we may soon see the establishment of autonomous Soviet Republics on the Outer Mongolian model in the west. It is said that in Kansu and Chinghai, where racial, religious, and economic-political antagonisms are prevalent, there would be good material for the enlargement of the Communist movement. The future, however, depends almost entirely on the Japanese. There is no shred of evidence to show that Russia, any more than England, is helping the Communists in China. Japan, the self-appointed bulwark against Communism, is in reality its best friend. Finally, the strength of Communism is potential rather than actual, and a movement that includes, as it does, a well-organized party, a powerful social economic program and strategy, and the memory of considerable achievement, is not yet ready for the grave. Nor is it likely to be successfully interred while Japan is plundering the homes and lands of the gravediggers.

Come Now!

'We can't build warships and things like that unless you people pay up more cheerfully,' said Alderman Barber in dealing with fifty-six income-tax defaulters at Wood Green Court today.

—From the *Edinburgh Evening Dispatch*, Edinburgh

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A voluntary exile from Germany comes to the defense of the German scholars.

With Honors Crowned

By Felix E. Hirsch

GERMANS like to celebrate anniversaries; their academic circles in particular never pass a jubilee by in silence. Foreigners often find this rather funny. Of course it is nonsense to publish books and articles or stage festivals to honor a man or an institution of doubtful achievements and limited reputation. But sometimes such celebrations give food for thought and offer opportunities to reappraise men and events from a new and better vantage point.

Next year, for instance, Germany could celebrate the centenary of a very remarkable historical event. In November, 1837, King Ernest Augustus of Hanover banished seven famous professors of Göttingen University. The King, an English Duke, had ascended the throne of that State some months before. Being a very reactionary Tory aristocrat, he hated the modern constitution of Hanover, and decided to annul by a mere ordinance the fundamental law of the State. That was undoubtedly a political crime, and it shocked the feelings of all fair-minded people in Germany. Seven professors of Göttingen, the State university of Hanover, were courageous enough to lodge a vigorous protest against the King's *coup d'état*. Among them were the famous brothers Grimm and the great historians Dahlmann and Gervinus. They signed a memorial to the governing body of the university in which they declared that in their view they were still bound by their oath of fealty to the constitution. Foaming with rage, the King dismissed the seven professors and ordered Dahlmann, Gervinus, and Jacob Grimm to quit the country within three days.

This event created a good deal of excitement in Middle Europe. The exiles were inundated from all sides with letters and other marks of sympathy and respect. Even poets raised their voices in condemnation of the King's action. A fable was circulated entitled 'Anno 1937.' It described how in 1937 an old woman would tell her

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grandson about the wicked King Ernest Augustus, the torn charter, and the seven Göttingen professors, and how the boy, amazed and excited, would reply: 'Such things can't possibly have ever happened!'

I don't know whether the German public will pay due attention to that anniversary next year, or whether there will be such a grandmother and such an excited little boy. But we are now on the eve of an actual academic jubilee no less significant and no less instructive for the historian of modern German culture. The University of Heidelberg, the oldest and most famous one in the country, will very soon celebrate its 550th anniversary. In recent months the newspapers of the world have been filled with articles on the question of whether or not foreign universities and learned societies should be represented at that festival; the English scholars, for instance, have refused, whereas most of the American ones have accepted the invitations. There were good reasons for both points of view; at this moment it seems unnecessary to intervene in that long and disheartening discussion. Here we have to deal only with the historical aspects of the jubilee; from them we can gain some understanding of Germany's principal cultural problems.

II

This new jubilee reminds one of the festival of fifty years ago, when they were celebrating the half-millenary of the 'Ruperto Carola,' the name by which Heidelberg University has been known since its reconstitution in 1803. There are still some people alive today who can tell you that there never was such an overwhelming academic festival in Middle Europe as that of 1886. The famous scholars of all nations assembled in 'the most beautiful city of the Fatherland,' as Hölderlin rightly called Heidelberg; the old Hohenzollern ruler, William I, was represented by his son Frederick, the second German Emperor, and there was an abundance of celebrities. Kuno Fischer, the renowned philosopher of the University, made a memorable speech —one of those great orations German academic history from Schiller to Harnack and Wilamowitz is rich in. He spoke of all the fateful events the University had witnessed in the five centuries of its existence, the days of glory in the epoch of Humanism and Reformation, the breakdown in the horrible times of the Thirty Years War and the French aggression, and then the rejuvenation in the era of liberalism. The men and women who were present at the meeting in the old Church of the Holy Spirit where Fischer spoke had the distinct feeling that Heidelberg was at that time the heart of the world's academic community.

When, thirty-five years later, we students of Heidelberg celebrated another jubilee in the city hall near the Neckar, the face of Europe had changed. The Ruperto Carola had become the poor university of a defeated country; half-an-hour away, on the other side of the Rhine, colored French soldiers were on duty before the old cathedrals of Speyer and Worms. But even in those dark times (and nobody will ever be able fully to understand the events of later years in Germany who did not see and feel the consequences of the Versailles Treaty)—even in those dark times we

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had a right to celebrate: fifty years of German unity. The speaker of the day, the historian Hermann Oncken, could state with a kind of pride that the German nation had saved the Reich, even though the greatest war in our history had been lost.

And then there was a merry May day in 1928. The world had apparently forgotten the ill-feeling of the first post-War period, and Germany was enjoying a brief era of prosperity and true liberalism. Professors and students of Heidelberg University were assembled in the Convocation Hall, where honorary degrees were being conferred upon two outstanding statesmen. One was the then American Ambassador in Berlin, Jacob Gould Schurman, an old student of Heidelberg (as, in happy pre-War days, so many of his fellow-countrymen had been) and a man who had done a great deal for the rehabilitation of his beloved alma mater. The other was Gustav Stresemann, the German Minister of Foreign Affairs.

It is worth while reading again today the speeches the two men delivered on that occasion. How far we are now from the ideal Stresemann sketched in his last sentences! '. . . A stream of peace and liberty which shall ensure our much-tried and suffering generation the fullest exercise of the right of self-determination, and unadulterated respect for the culture, the religion, and the language of every human being. . . . May such a state of affairs provide for a free Germany, whose sovereignty shall be unrestricted, whose share in intellectual leadership shall be unsurpassed and whose task shall be to promote the liberty and progress of mankind!'

Five years later the same University held another convocation: professors and students were celebrating the National Socialist revolution, and in the old citadel of liberalism the speaker, a Minister of State and professor of history, called on his audience to bid final farewell to the traditions of the nineteenth century. . . .

And then they held another festival in Heidelberg only last December. The President of the German Research Society, Professor Stark, one of the leading National Socialist scholars, paid a visit to the Heidelberg Lenard Institute for Physics and used the occasion to make a vehement attack on those of his world-famous colleagues who had not joined the Nazi party. He made some acrimonious remarks about Einstein and the theory of relativity, and condemned 'Jewish Physics' and the 'Aryan' Nobel prize-winners, Planck, Schrödinger, Heisenberg and von Laue, for their coöperation with it. He criticized the Ministry of Education because some of those men were still being permitted to work in their old way. In the same city where Helmholtz, Bunsen, and Kirchhoff once established the fame of German physical research, the foremost expert in the ruling party could call for measures against their intellectual heirs. And nobody dared to raise his voice in protest!

III

This brings us to an important question, one which is often discussed both inside and outside of Germany: do the professors who are not sympathetic to the ideals of National Socialism but are cautious about expressing their objections to them really lack courage, and was it their

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fault that the German universities surrendered to the totalitarian State? I must say that I think the answer is 'No!' Of course, everybody was expecting a vigorous and heroic declaration of the type the seven Göttingen professors chose to make. We should have felt a kind of psychological relief if the intellectual leaders of the nation had resigned their positions by unanimous action and had thus rejected political and racial persecution. About fifty years ago, when the great historian Treitschke undertook to introduce anti-Semitism into the German universities, Mommsen, Virchow, Werner Siemens, and all the other world-famous scholars of the country delivered a public rebuke he could never forget.

But conditions in the academic world had changed completely since Treitschke's day. Universities in Germany had ceased to be intellectual units; there were so many different points of view among the rank and file of the professors that they could no longer act as communities. First of all there was a striking contrast between the old professors and the younger ones. The greater part of the older generation was (and is perhaps still) opposed to the ideology of National Socialism. But these men were not flexible enough to face a real political struggle. Some of them had fought bravely for liberty fifteen years ago, when the Weimar Republic was established. In 1933 they were already between sixty and seventy years old, and at that age a man is not likely to want to fight.

The young generation was in a still more difficult position. Even if they wished to do so, its members could not follow the example set by two Heidelberg professors: the master of public law, Gerhard Anschütz, the foremost expert on the German Constitution, retired the very moment that Constitution was demolished, and so did his colleague, the famous economist Alfred Weber. For many reasons the younger professors, men of forty or forty-five, had not always such clear political convictions as the men of the preceding generation.

And they felt very strongly their responsibilities to their families, too. They knew very well that it would now be much more difficult for dismissed scholars to earn their livelihood than it had been one hundred years ago. After a little time the seven Göttingen professors had found new positions (and better ones!) in other German States; a man banished in Hanover might be very welcome in Württemberg or Saxony in that epoch. But in the meantime Germany had been united and more and more centralized. A conflict with the Government now meant that one lost not only a certain post but any chance of working in the whole Reich. So a professor who protested against the new methods and condemned the new ideals would have almost no other choice than to leave the country like a beggar and, with little or no money in his pocket, face an uncertain fate in another part of the world.

An anecdote will illustrate this last point. Some months ago there died a German professor who had been a Democrat during his whole career, but who in the Spring of 1933 had suddenly become a member of the National Socialist Party. On the occasion of his death, an old friend of his discussed with me that painful change of allegiance. He said: 'Do you know

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what happened in his mind at that time? I imagine that during a restless night he may have entered the room where all his little children were sleeping and have decided to sacrifice his own political faith to the future of his babies.'

Perhaps this interpretation was fair; at least we should not forget that it is very easy to criticize, but it is extremely difficult to find the right solution if one has to choose between academic freedom and exile on the one hand, and external compromises on the other. Nobody should judge before he himself has faced such a dilemma! But by this I do not of course mean to absolve those opportunists who were able to change their opinions and conform to the new order without any qualms of conscience at all.

IV

Furthermore, when we speak of the 'cowardice' of the German professors, we should not forget that there were among them some distinguished scholars who stood up for their ideals in a very forthright manner. The world knows the case of Einstein, but most of our contemporaries have forgotten that he was not the only one to set an example of great courage and nobility of mind. Let us recall the letter the Nobel prize winner, James Franck, then professor of physics at Göttingen, wrote to the rector of his university in the Spring of 1933: 'I have requested the authorities to relieve me of my office,' he wrote 'but I shall try to continue my scientific work in Germany. We Germans of Jewish descent are being treated like aliens and enemies of the fatherland. We are asked to let our children grow up in the knowledge that they must not represent themselves as Germans. Although those who served in the War have received permission to continue in their positions, I decline to avail myself of this privilege. Nevertheless, I appreciate the point of view of those who consider it their duty in these times to remain at their posts.' Later on, having seen that there was no place for him in the German academic world, Franck came to America and is now teaching at Johns Hopkins University.

Some weeks after Franck's retirement, a scholar of even greater renown, Fritz Haber (also a Nobel prize winner), resigned his position as Director of the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute for Chemistry. When, about Easter, 1933, I asked him to write a leading editorial in defense of academic freedom for the *Berliner Tageblatt*, he angrily refused; certainly not because of lack of courage, but because he saw no hope in public action at that moment. But when his most valuable assistants were dismissed for no other reason than their non-Aryan descent, he decided to retire. Some months later he left Germany and went to England. He died suddenly on a holiday trip in Basel. The most important German chemist, the man whose inventions made it possible for his country to hold out against the world for more than four years, died and was buried in exile.

But after his premature death his German fellow scientists, keenly aware of the debt his country owed him, decided to hold, in Berlin, the memorial meeting that was his due. Although the Minister of Education had forbidden all officials to take part in that celebration, representatives of

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Germany's cultural life crowded the large hall to the doors. The speakers, among them the famous physicist Planck, paid touching tribute to Haber's scientific accomplishments and patriotic services. They wished to show that gratitude and the sense of justice still exist among German scholars.

In his capacity as President of the Kaiser Wilhelm Society, the greatest research foundation in Germany, Max Planck has been to this day a sincere and courageous fighter in the cause of academic freedom. At every meeting of that distinguished society, and even more in his other activities, he tries to preserve the influence and moral position of the German scholars. It is not his fault that he has not succeeded, and I think we should all have great respect for this fair-minded old gentleman. It is foolish to criticize him for having sent a telegram of homage to the German Chancellor on the occasion of the last meeting of the Society; that is his duty in these times, and one needs only to look into the National Socialist newspapers to find the most severe attacks against Planck's 'lack of political reliability.'

We owe the same regard to his close colleague and fellow Nobel prize winner, Erwin Schrödinger, who preferred exile in England to his professorship in Berlin only because he could not stand the recent changes in Germany's academic life. A third man of this type is now working in this country (at Swarthmore College): the excellent experimental psychologist of Berlin University, Wolfgang Köhler. The spirited article against the defamation of Jewish scholars he published in the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* in April, 1933, is a lasting document of the best German virtues; at that time it was a real consolation to suppressed liberals and was passed from hand to hand among educated people.

But it is not only scientists who have shown strength of character. Much the same thing has happened in the fields of history and theology also. Here the pressure exerted by the Government is even greater. On the whole, the historians refused to acknowledge the Nazi theories regarding the old Germans. When the party speakers spat at the memory of Charlemagne, the alleged murderer of thousands of Nordic Saxons, the experts—among them the late Heidelberg historian, Karl Hampe—joined in writing a pointed book to show the real greatness of that German emperor. At an academic meeting in 1935 the famous Berlin Professor, Hermann Oncken (who had earlier been one of Heidelberg's greatest assets), criticized the National Socialist ideals of history so tellingly that the Government forced him to retire; the official party newspaper, the *Völkische Beobachter*, then investigated his whole past in a manner unknown in Germany even under the Third Reich. Oncken's friend and colleague, Friedrich Meinecke, did not stop expressing his opinions freely in the internationally recognized periodical *Historische Zeitschrift*, of which he was the editor, until he was replaced by a party member last fall. He is one of the leading European scholars Harvard University intends to honor at its coming tercentenary.

Yet the most impressive examples of courage among German scholars are to be found in the ranks of the Protestant theologians. If, after a

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hundred years, another grandmother happens to tell her little grandson the story of the lost fight for Germany's academic freedom, she will mention as its noblest defender the professor of theology, Karl Barth. A Swiss by birth, he was teaching at the University of Bonn in 1933; hundreds of students lingered in that charming Rhenish town only to attend his lectures on systematic theology. When he saw what was happening in ecclesiastical circles, he decided to write a booklet against political meddling with Christianity. This pamphlet, *Theological Existence Today*, contains the strongest arguments against the National Socialist *Weltanschauung* ever written by a theologian.

Barth, moreover, was the spiritual head of German Protestantism in its heroic fight against the totalitarian state and Nordic paganism; in the end he refused to take the oath of allegiance to the German Chancellor and was therefore deprived of his office. In the summer of 1935, his fellow-countrymen summoned him to his home-university of Basel, but when he returned to Germany for a short trip, he was arrested and deported. This is only one outstanding example, but there have been dozens of Protestant theologians at German universities who have shown the same sense of duty and the same courage in the last three years. Of course, there were able defenders of their faith among the Catholic theologians, too; but one does not find among them a personality to be compared with Karl Barth—with the one exception of Cardinal Faulhaber, who is an Archbishop, not a mere professor!

V

Nobody can prophesy the future of Germany's academic institutions. Perhaps the words of President Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia University, that 'university life begins west of the Rhine,' will remain true for a long, long time to come. Let us remember that there was an interval of nearly two centuries between the first era of Heidelberg's glory and the second one: from 1619 to 1803 the University was driven from disaster to disaster, from humiliation to humiliation. But we should not be too pessimistic. Perhaps at the six-hundredth anniversary of the University, in 1986, our sons or grandsons will be able to sing Scheffel's famous verse with the same pride and gratitude as our fathers and grandfathers did in 1886:—

Old Heidelberg, dear city,
With honors crowned, and rare,
O'er Rhine and Neckar rising,—
None can with thee compare!

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An Italian émigré discusses the prospects of Mussolini's 'Empire,' and a Frenchwoman tells of her vain search for an honest *and* intelligent Fascist.

To the VICTORS . . .

I. The Second Roman Empire

By L'Osservatore

Translated from *Giustizia e Libertà*, Paris Italian Anti-Fascist Weekly

SOONER or later the great intoxication of these days will pass. And then the Italians will have to look at the Abyssinian undertaking and the 'Second Roman Empire' with a more critical eye.

All problems would be very simple if changing the name of a thing would transform it. But this is far from being the case. It is the names that change, while the substance remains immutable.

In order not to irritate the mad Hamlet, Polonius, in Shakespeare's tragedy, always agrees with him.

Hamlet: Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in the shape of a camel?
Polonius: By the mass, and 't is like a camel indeed.
Hamlet: Methinks it is like a weasel.
Polonius: It is backed like a weasel.
Hamlet: Or like a whale.
Polonius: Very like a whale.

This is a bit like the dialogue between Mussolini and the Italian people. In May, 1934, in a speech which oozed pessimism, Mussolini informed the Italian people: 'We have been going steadily downhill. It would be hard to go any lower. Three quarters of our industries require Government assistance. Either we must balance our budget and stop incurring debts or we shall go under.'

The Italian people approved. They expected a period of recovery in which they could concentrate on pulling themselves together. Instead came the war.

After two years of mad expenditures on this war—during which all the symptoms denounced by Mussolini in 1934 became aggravated—Mussolini says to the Italian people: 'Abyssinia is ours. Abyssinia, added to Italy, marks the rebirth of the Roman Empire. This is the first stage.'

And the Italian people cheer.

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Perhaps the names 'Roman Empire' and 'Fascist Empire' can change the facts? No. Whether called an Empire or a Kingdom, Italy is and remains a poor country, a country hard-hit by the depression, one of low wages and reduced consumption, but with the highest taxes in Europe, and a national debt which we shall soon have to reckon with. Abyssinia, for her part, remains (and since the destruction of the war is more than ever) an *extremely* poor country, without roads, without houses worthy of the name, without irrigation or reclamation, without public services, etc. It is difficult to see how, by adding Italian poverty to Abyssinian misery, not only wealth, but actually an Empire can be expected to emerge. An Empire, yes, but an Empire of misery!

To say that Abyssinia would lend itself to more intense cultivation, and might conceivably hide mineral riches, is not the same as saying that she is rich. There is a difference between potential riches and those that can be realized. A thousand years ago the valley of the Po was a useless swamp. Many centuries of work and the investment of immense capital have made it the most fertile plain in Europe. But who could have called it rich when it was still under water?

Abyssinia, too, can in time become rich. But how long will it take? And how much will it cost?

This matter of capital is an important point. Italians have a lyric, æsthetic idea of colonization. They do not understand that colonization, if it has any significance in our day, must be considered solely from the economic point of view. To bleed the mother country in order to conquer a colony is an obvious paradox, a manifest absurdity. As the name itself indicates, a colony must be the complement of a country.

The English—who may have their faults, but who at least know what they are talking about in this line—have always conceived of and conducted colonization as a business enterprise. The French have not always clung to this rule, but one knows that the foremost problem with them is one of military reserves. Moreover their Empire (never baptized as such) yields considerably less than England's. The idea of colonial philanthropy never occurs to serious imperialists and colonists. With inferior forces and with more limited means than have been at Italy's disposal, the English have conquered a quarter of the globe. Why? Because their colonization was made possible by trade and private enterprise. The only real colonial war that England ever carried on was that in South Africa, but that was the result of under-estimating the resistance of the Boers, not of foresight. They knew that, once the war was won, no matter how, the diamonds and the gold mines would repay them beyond the dreams of avarice.

Free circulation of capital is the essential condition for profitable colonization. In a recent polemic editorial, the *Giornale d'Italia* affirmed that, on the contrary, with faith and willing hands at their disposal, the financial question would come second. It is a fine-sounding sentence. But when the time comes to colonize seriously, it will be seen how significant the lack of adequate capital is.

The foreign loans which have been so much talked about, and which Italy

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is none too sure of getting, will certainly not solve this problem by themselves. They will invariably be at a high rate of interest. While the work of occupation, of pacification and of general organization goes on—and it will take a number of years—the interest on these loans will have to be paid, though there will be no compensating income from them. Result: pressure on the already depleted gold reserve and on the domestic money market.

Besides this it will be difficult to obtain concessions of foreign capital in the form of general loans, as foreign capitalists will demand a direct participation in the exploitation of the colony. And in the last analysis it will be they who will get the tidbits. Having laid down their guns for spades the soldiers will find themselves reduced to the status of employees working at very low wages for foreign-controlled enterprises. But whether employed by Italians or foreigners, they will soon realize what the patriotism of the renovated Roman Empire leads to. It will end in fat profits and private *camorras* for a privileged minority, while the working men will have to compete with Abyssinian labor, which will be preferred to Italian because it is infinitely cheaper. At present it is Italy which is annexing Abyssinia. But it will tend to be the Abyssinians who, through their lower standard of living, will annex the Italians.

With her past diplomatic errors, it will be especially difficult for Italy to obtain large foreign loans. But capital she must have, even if she has to go to the country. Contrary to the general opinion, we believe that a small part of this initial capital is to be found there. In the exaltation of victory it would not be impossible to launch a domestic bond issue of several billions for colonization purposes.

But what will follow? There will follow—we proceed by synthesis—an extreme tightening of the already impoverished domestic market, a consequent rise in the legal rate of interest, and a corresponding fall in wages *even in Italy!*

II

This is a sequence of phenomena which is well-known to economists. Hobson in particular has shown (*The Export of Capital*), and the fact has recently been confirmed by Keynes, how heavy capital exports tend to diminish the effectiveness not only of the capital but also of the labor employed in the mother country. The great flight of capital from England to the colonies before the War was one of the principal causes—probably the fundamental one—which for many years prevented wages from rising in England, notwithstanding the economic progress made. But England before the War had a great abundance of capital. The rate of interest was low. She did not export capital which was needed at home.

Not so Italy. In order to initiate the colonizing of Abyssinia she will find herself obliged to endanger her already tottering finances. She will spend to no purpose in Abyssinia money that could be well used in Italy. A few large business concerns, the same ones which today have a monopoly on war supplies, will be the gainers. The others will pay.

The example of Lybia is eloquent. Today it is customary to say that it is worthless, that it is nothing but sand.

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But when it was occupied, it was an infatuation hardly less fervent than the present infatuation for Abyssinia. Not counting the capital brought in privately, and aside from the expenses of military occupation, almost ten billion lire have been spent in Lybia since 1912. Where has it gone? Most of it has gone up in smoke in the desert.

Twenty years from now—if Abyssinia is still ours—many tens of billions will have gone up in smoke there, too; and probably without giving that country any great advantage, either. The English, on the contrary, have immense riches in India. But what have been the benefits to the Indians themselves? They are just as miserable today as they ever were. Only a small number of Indian and English magnates have made money. (The business of the actual colonial merchants has developed very little in the last century, while the development of colonial capitalism has taken place outside the colonies.)

The function of modern colonial empires is not so much to possess colonies as to further the industrial and financial power of the mother country. An imperialistic capitalistic country can often expand more successfully in another country's colonial markets than can that country itself. Example: Germany and the United States. The United States is now getting rid of its last direct colony, Porto Rico; but in spite of being organized as a republic it is the outstanding example of imperialist expansion in our time. Who knows, for example, whether in her commercial relations with the Dominions the United States does not occupy a position superior to that of England herself? And this in spite of the preference for English goods implied by the treaty of Ottawa? As for Germany, though she has not a single colony, she has very nearly recovered her formidable pre-War position.

If we consider the world's colonial empires, we find:

England: 33.5 million square kilometers with 455 million inhabitants.

France: 11.7 million square kilometers with 63 million inhabitants.

Japan: 1.6 million square kilometers with 61 million inhabitants.

The 'Second Roman Empire:' 3.5 million square kilometers with 12 million inhabitants.

Isn't Mussolini guilty of exaggeration in speaking of an 'Empire' so soon?

This Fascist habit of attributing an infinitely broader significance to things than they actually have is a thoroughly pestiferous one. It engenders in the people a false sense of grandeur and power, and will eventually lead them to ruin. The real Romans were more serious. They began to talk of Empire only when their Empire had already begun to decline.

It may be that Fascism really is destined to give Italy an immense empire. But so far, through a lucky, though very expensive, war (which, by the way, is not yet over), she has limited herself to opening up ample but impoverished markets, markets which will not be of much help to her for twenty years, but which will in the meantime weigh heavily on her domestic economy.

And now Italy's *New Deal*—a clay pot between two iron ones—has entered the imperialistic competition, having just knocked violently against England, and in all probability being

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about to clash with France and with a Germany which is preparing for a *coup* in Austria (and consequently a menace to Trieste). And all this during a period of acute economic crisis.

Announced amid songs and delirium in a night of orgies and collective prostitution, the Second Roman Empire has not been presented under exactly the most favorable auspices!

II. Diogenes in Rome

By Constance Coline

Translated from *L'Europe Nouvelle*, Paris Political and Literary Monthly

I HAVE just spent two weeks scouring Rome asking people to show me an intelligent and disinterested Fascist, and I have not had the luck to meet a single one.

I have seen many enthusiastic supporters of the régime. They were men of action, endowed with little enough grey matter, and corresponding to the class which, in France, finds its spiritual nourishment pre-chewed for it every day in a so-called 'newspaper of information.' Like ours, this 'élite' is satisfied with big words, takes its desires for realities, is innocent of arithmetic and geography—that is to say, is incapable of judging the political and economic problems which make the present age so dangerous—and goes about with the words 'we who are true, noble, intelligent and brave' forever on its lips. This class seems to exist in every country in the world, and includes at one and the same time aristocrats, bourgeois, and men of the people. It is more of an intellectual than a social class; in physiognomic terms you would call it the 'muscular' type.

I have also seen fanatics who have explained to me that Fascism fused all the parties in the crucible of love for a single party; that no one gave any thought to his own private interests any more but devoted himself to the general interest; that everybody was happy, not only in the cities but also in the country; and that if anyone was poor he would not suffer from his poverty, because he would be borne up by the *Idea*. I ought to confess that these fanatics attracted me strongly, and that I tried to believe them. Unfortunately the counter-proofs to which I was exposed proved that, however sincere, honest and convinced they were, one could not put the slightest trust in what they said, for they were so imbued with their faith that they had lost all power of discernment.

Moreover, I discovered that it was very disappointing to search out the truth, for in that game one came to realize that many of man's most noble illusions are based on erroneous interpretations.

Examples:—

A fanatic: 'The enthusiasm people showed in giving their wedding rings and their gold jewelry to the fatherland was perfectly genuine and really stirring.'

Counter-proofs: The fake jewelry merchants made a fortune in the days preceding the ceremony by selling imitation wedding rings.

All Italian citizens resident abroad

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received individual letters *enjoining* them to take their gold to the nearest consulate.

Many persons, from many different circles, swore to me that they had only given their wedding rings out of fear of trouble if they failed to do so.

A fanatic: 'The Party accepts all those who really love the régime: they pay what they can. The important thing is not their money but their faith.'

Counter-proof: A poor woman (typical of her class), without husband or parents, goes to renew her Party membership card. 'Did you donate your wedding ring to the fatherland?' they ask her. 'I haven't got one.' 'Then your jewelry, your confirmation crucifix?' 'I haven't any. I don't own anything.' 'All right, that will be 100 lire instead of 20, to teach you to obey.'

She paid, for without her membership card there would be absolutely no chance of her finding work.

A fanatic: 'The corporative system works admirably. Every worker is protected against his employer, but their interests are identical. Coöperation between employer and employee has been realized at last.'

Counter-proof: A public works contractor (and, notwithstanding that, a Fascist): 'Since the introduction of the corporations it has been a terrible job to find good workers. They send you men who are in good standing in their Fascio without bothering their heads about whether they are skilled or not. It doesn't matter a tinker's dam to them whether we are satisfied or not.'

I: 'Do you find that the corporative system is improving?'

He: 'It is just so much more red tape. On the whole, there is no change, because as each innovation is made, a scheme is devised for getting around it.'

A fanatic: 'There is not a single Italian who would not be ready to die tomorrow to uphold the régime.'

Counter-proof: I know personally at least ten Italians who are ready to die tomorrow to end the régime.

II

I know still another race of fervent defenders of the régime (and among them are some intelligent men, too)—those who have a place at the government trough. I don't think they are Fascists by necessity, or that they camouflage their sentiments. I think that it is the same with love for a cause as it is with love for a person: one can be mistaken about the sources of the flame. From the moment when one participates in action one shuts the door of one's mind on both one's critical sense and one's skepticism. It is precisely this fact which has been fastened upon by that admirable politician who calls the dance on the other side of the Alps; and that is why he has multiplied at will the innumerable wheels of his machine.

But, as sincere and as imbued with the ideas of their chief as they are, I cannot regard these men as 'typical Fascists.' What I looked for for two weeks was a man at once cultivated, informed, and *disinterested* who approves and loves the régime and has cleaved to it of his own free will. And it is such a man that I have failed to find.

Let us pass now to the enemies of the régime. All shades and varieties of them are to be found, but it has to be

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admitted that they do not count for much in the nation. They comprise the most intelligent, high-minded and best educated elements in Italy, but that fact is of no importance. Dictatorships do not need intelligence or high-mindedness or culture; what they need is obedience.

These people do not count because, as a class, they are individualists. They are not organized; they are not even agreed. They are afraid. As soon as they threaten to become troublesome, they are gotten rid of. They don't fit in anywhere, they don't control any of the wheels, and people fear them and keep away from them because to be seen with them gives 'a bad impression.'

One must understand that the whole present organization is based on secret accusations. Informing of this sort begets fear. Fear makes men obedient, whence that admirable servility of the whole nation. It is necessary to specify also that the anti-Fascists are partisans for the same reason that the 'fanatics' are. To listen to them you would think that everything was wrong. They deny obvious truths, and they are often just as provoking as the 'fanatics.'

Some time ago, Morand uttered a sentiment which takes on more and more meaning the better one understands Fascism: 'Was it necessary to suppress liberty of thought just to get the trains to run on time?' he asked.

To us French, whose trains run relatively well, whose roads are respectable, who have rebuilt 62,000 square kilometers of the devastated regions (with what bad taste! but finding the thing perfectly natural), who provide for our unemployed without dressing them up in uniforms, and who instinctively find every parade ridiculous, all this seems completely useless. But if one recalls what Italy was in 1922, if one pictures to oneself the state of anarchy, of bad temper, of jealousy and of bitterness into which Giolitti had let the country sink, one can understand in retrospect why it was necessary 'to do something.' The 'something' has been done, and well done. Would it have been as well done if they had left the newspapers free to accept other subventions than those of the Government,—free, therefore, to criticize on behalf of other masters than *the* Master,—if the agents of doubt and of skepticism had not been so carefully muzzled? It is possible that it would not have been (it is also possible that it would).

But now that the country has passed this crisis of its puberty, now that the framework has been completed, that 'the trains arrive on time,' why continue to hold in leash this well-trained animal? Why invent new chains like war for it, which it accepts as opportunities for deliverance? Why set up more and more nationalistic aims for this people—more and more dangerous ones, too? Why impose upon it material sacrifices from which it will emerge bled white? Perhaps it is neither to give it importance nor to better it. Why, then?

I don't want to conclude that it is to save the prestige of a single man, but there are moments when I am strongly inclined to think so. . . .

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Persons and Personages

Léon Blum

By Louis Lévy

Translated from *Vu*, Paris Topical Weekly

MANY contradictory stories are current about Léon Blum. People talk in turns about his Marxism, his intellectual dilettantism, and his fierce sectarianism. He is an object of mean and relentless hatred, even to the point of personal attacks by fanatical brutes. The same persons who for twenty years have extolled the peerless charm of his intellect now cover him with insults and calumnies. They contrast him with Jaurès, forgetting that they once addressed the same insults and villainies to Jaurès, too.

But all this is in the past. Today Léon Blum is the man of the hour. Any one of his calumniators may become his sycophant. As for us, let us keep calm about it. Since our aim here is to see things and men as they are, let us try to look at Léon Blum without passion or flattery, as he really is, as the facts of his life show him to be.

Léon Blum was born in Paris, in 1872. His parents were Parisians of Alsacian origin. His childhood was passed in the vicinity of St. Dennis—a neighborhood where memories of the Paris insurrections linger still. His grandmother on his mother's side was fullheartedly for the Commune. One of the first books which she gave her grandson to read was Tenot's on the *coup d'état*.

Léon Blum proved to be an unruly pupil at the Lycée Charlemagne. Only the fact that he was first in his class saved him from being constantly punished; for even in his youth he had the soul of a rebel.

At fourteen, he happened to read *Les Effrontés*, by Emile Augier. The tirade in the third act, in which Giboyer asserts that 'the revolution of '89 was only a beginning,' made a strong impression on him. At the Lycée Henri Quatre, where he finished his secondary education, and at the Normal School where he prepared for his *agrégation* (qualifying examination) in philosophy, he came under the influence of Clemenceau and of Barrès. Soon after we see him collaborating on the *Revue Blanche*, where he met anarchists like Jean Grave and To d'Aza. At that time Léon Blum was an anarchist-individualist, like the majority of the intellectuals of his generation.

And then one day in 1893 he happened to meet Lucien Herr, whom he had not seen since Normal School days. The two of them went for a

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long walk in the Champs Elysées. Until then Léon Blum had been merely a rebel who felt social injustice keenly. The librarian of the Normal School, who exercised so curious an influence upon several generations of young men, crystalized his diffuse tendencies into a definite bent toward collectivism. Thus, at twenty, Léon Blum became a Socialist.

Then came the Dreyfus affair—about which he has just written a book—and his friendship with Jaurès. Then we find him helping in the work of forming the Socialist united front.

In 1905, Léon Blum gradually withdrew from active politics. In his work in *L'Humanité* he confined himself strictly to literary criticism. While fulfilling his functions as a Master of Petitions in the Privy Council, where he was distinguished from the first by his juridical acuteness and lucid expositions, he specialized in dramatic criticism. He wrote for the *Matin* and for the *Comœdia*.

Then came the war. As Marcel Sembat's assistant in the Ministry of Public Works he gradually returned to politics. In 1917 he was at the Bordeaux Congress. In 1918, when the united Socialist front was menaced, he threw himself into the battle. In 1919 he organized the resistance to Bolshevism. In 1920 he was the spokesman of the traditional Socialist party at the Congress of Tours.

In the meanwhile he had been elected a deputy. Then and there his vigorous intelligence won for him the leadership of a parliamentary group. At one time he led an attack against the National bloc, whose financial policy was the butt of his relentless criticism. At another, he denounced the criminal madness of the Ruhr invasion, braving a hostile majority with cool disdain.

All this is well known—as well as the special talents which he has placed at his party's disposal: his ability as a logician, his cleverness in debates, his gift for introducing a touching human element into a cold logical sequence of ideas.

But there is not the slightest need to praise Léon Blum's vigorous logical thought, his intellectual intrepidity. His worst enemies are forced to bow before these. It is not his intelligence but his personal qualities that they deprecate. For some unknown reason the cartoons show him as a half-starved talmudist. Because he wears glasses, has mincing gestures, and usually begins his first sentence in a high-pitched voice, he is pictured as an overgrown schoolmaster. The truth is that he is robust, has wide shoulders, and likes sports. He used to be a fencer of some repute, and later took up boxing. It is not for nothing that he is a close friend of Tristan Bernard!

The journalists think he is a cold, calculating soul, distant and impenetrable. Those who know Léon Blum well cannot help smiling at this

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legend. Distant? Cold? To be sure, he knows how to be cold and cutting to some toady who comes and fawns on him after having vilified him a short while before. It is also true that his shortsightedness and absent-mindedness sometimes cause him to pass a friend by without noticing him. But in reality no one is less distant than Léon Blum. And no one realizes this better than the members of the Socialist party whom he knows and likes.

One must give him his due: he is neither a monster nor a god. He is a man—a man endowed with an unusual responsiveness to ideas, but one who loves life in all its many aspects. He loves children, animals, green landscapes. He never tires, when he has time, of ranging the French countryside, with his wife at the wheel of their little car. He enjoys good painting, harmonious architecture: he is capable of taking a long detour simply to admire some noble mansion, with a majestic pediment glimpsed behind thick foliage. He relishes music—particularly the music of Beethoven, Duparc, Dukas or Ravel. He has read widely and has retained all he has read. He knows by heart hundreds of Victor Hugo's verses, and whole passages from Jaurès's speeches. He knows all the classics and finds time to keep in touch with the contemporary literary movement. He has written on Stendhal and Marcel Proust, and can, if he wishes, discuss the knottiest problems of scientific philosophy. He can talk on political economy as easily as on the history of the French theater. He is informed on all things and there is nothing that does not interest him, be it even gastronomy. . . .

For he is a gourmand. He has a hearty appetite, knows how to enjoy a good dish, and can at a pinch give a recipe for one. Moreover, even if he is a temperate drinker, he has always liked good wine. And with all due respect to his adversaries, he did not wait to become a deputy from Narbonne to learn to appreciate a good bottle!

Yes, he is a human person—a man with his virtues and his faults, but one very unlike the legend that has grown up about him. A man who likes to laugh and jest with his intimate friends, who has remained young in body and mind, and whose intellect has remained surprisingly alive to what is new and fresh.

You will find him capable of the nimblest mental gymnastics and of almost brutal frankness in following his thought to its logical conclusion; capable of being strictly circumspect and at the same time extremely foolhardy in exposing himself to danger; capable of listening courteously to everybody, and yet, underneath it all, impenetrable. . . .

Such is Léon Blum—at least, as I see him. May these few lines persuade unprejudiced minds that his experiment runs no risk of being a banal one, that at any rate it deserves to be followed with curiosity and even with sympathy.

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Ibn Saud of Arabia

By M. Y. Ben-Gavriel

Translated from the *Pester Lloyd*, Budapest German Language Daily

If A dictator is a man who, without having any continuous tradition to fall back upon, imposes his will on a state or a people and leads them toward a definite goal, then Ibn Saud, King of the Wahabi, should be counted among the dictators of our time. In contrast to the other two Asiatic dictators, Kemal Ataturk and Shah Pahlevi, Ibn Saud, or, as his full name goes, Abdul Aziz ibn Abdur Rahman al Faisal al Saud, does not spring from the masses, nor was he pushed to the top by any group; rather he is the scion of an ancient clan of religious warriors, a man, as it were, with a charismatic mission, a man the springs of whose determination are primarily spiritual. His neighbor and opponent, the Imam Yahya of Yemen, who is a descendant of Mohammed, is also supposed to be endowed with the charism; but he is an autocratic ruler over his people rather than their leader, while the Wahabi possesses all the characteristics of ethical leadership.

Ibn Saud was the descendant of a ruling central Arabian family which went into exile in the small sultanate of Kuwait in the eighties of the last century. When he was still a young man—in 1901—he was already capable of making correct estimates of the political situation. In that year the balance of power between Turkey and England in Arabia began to be stabilized, and by engineering a *coup d'état* Ibn Saud took possession of Riyadh, thus providing himself with a concrete jumping-off place.

But not until 1912 could young Ibn Saud lay the spiritual-economic foundation which marks him as possibly the greatest modern executor of Mohammed's political and religious ideas. It was in 1912 that he founded the first 'Hidjras,'—Bedouin villages,—together with the fraternity of Ikhwan, which represented, and to a certain extent still represents, the nucleus of his power. He took up the old idea of Wahabiism, that sect which had almost vanished by the turn of the century, and began to gather Bedouins of various tribes into communal educational camps, from which permanent Hidjras rapidly developed. From these camps sprang his doctrine of a united, puritanical Islam, purified of all foreign elements, all mysticism and hero-worship—the doctrine of a unified Arabian nation which penetrated into the tents of the Bedouins, upon whom—another innovation—he relied from the beginning. With these Ikhwans, whose missionary propaganda spread like wildfire among the Arabs, he conquered, when the time came, half of Arabia,

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including the sacred places, so that almost overnight the unknown emigrant scion of a long since disintegrated sect became king of the Hejaz, Nejd and half of Asir, and England's most important ally and foil on the great British highway and oil route to India.

But it is not his political and strategic success that distinguish him as a gigantic figure in the history of Arabia and that of the whole Orient; rather is it the moral greatness and the unyielding qualities of his character. Standing at the turn of two ages of Arabia, this man is the only statesman of Asia who interferes dictatorially with the destiny of his people in the name, and on the basis, of a purified religion. There is an Executive Council and an Assembly in Saudi, but neither is more than an instrument of a central will: that of Ibn Saud.

But—and this must always be taken into consideration—Ibn Saud has submitted with inviolable faithfulness to the ancient law of his people. This dictator rules in the name, not of an imaginary, but of an already existing code, which everybody can consult and on the basis of which the dictator could be brought before the courts should he infringe the law. Although Ibn Saud has created an unprecedented revolution in Arabia,—a revolution whose results for the whole Orient cannot yet be estimated,—he has not only not barred religious law from the state, but, on the contrary, has proclaimed it as the highest statute of the community. Yet this has not led him to declare war on the modern age, insofar as it can be taken into consideration at all in Bedouin Arabia.

The mission of this man is an extraordinary one; it goes to the heart of things, and has many ramifications. This son of the desert knew how to bring the idea of a religious task and national unity to a mass of Bedouins who were without religion and nationality and were split into a thousand tribes and clans. Almost overnight he gave to this hodge-podge of nomad tribes the means to become politically active instead of being the victims of dark and arbitrary historical accidents. In forcing Islam, which was growing ever more inflexible, to take a stand he transformed it gradually into a constructive belief in god, conscious of its task in the world of reality.

By learning from the mistakes of the first Wahabi empire in the 19th century he solved the greatest social problem of inner Arabia, that of the Bedouins, with which his rule stands and falls. The progressive transformation of the nomads into sedentary tribes in Hidjra settlements means a progressive change in social structure and therefore the beginning of Arabia's transition from antiquity into the modern age. But Ibn Saud's greatest deed is that this transition is not merely a movement to strengthen his dynastic power in the immediate future, but a long-range leadership in a definite direction—a leadership by the lawfully bound will of the leader, utilizing tradition and translating it into reality.

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Whatever happens in Saudi today is new. Whether it be the organization of an army of volunteer Ikhwans—in contrast to the traditional Arabian slave and mercenary troops—or the shifting of the center of gravity of the state from the urban population to the Bedouins, there is a chain of innovations of various kinds which in spite of their revolutionary character accord with the traditions and nature of the desert. The adoption of certain European institutions, without yielding to Europe, and without assimilating the mentality of the West—this is what sharply distinguishes Ibn Saud from the rulers of Persia and Turkey.

NATURALLY the evolution from the Turkish bandit province of Nejd to the Kingdom of Saudi was impossible without grave disturbances, quite apart from the effects of the War and the world crisis. From among the ranks of the most faithful Ikhwans, and especially under the leadership of Ibn Saud's friend and pioneer Faisal Ed Dawish, opposing movements formed and several times threatened the rule of the King. This opposition was inspired by certain innovations, such as radio stations, telephones and automobiles, which the King introduced to modernize the army, and which were held to be in violation of the Wahabian doctrines.

This propaganda fell on fertile ground in certain spheres because the King had bottled up the tribes' elementary instincts for war and pillage almost overnight, and without creating a safety valve for the forces thus restrained. Predatory expeditions between tribes were forbidden, and suppressed by means of armed force. Under the leadership of Faisal Ed Dawish these energies now pressed in other directions, but primarily beyond the borders and against the King's enemies in Iraq and Transjordania. When the King's peace policy compelled him to take action by force of arms against his own over-exuberant partisans, the guns were naturally turned upon him; for the simple code of the desert could not comprehend the complex western policy the King had to adopt to preserve his empire against the British bombing planes.

To the European way of thinking the occasion for the clash was absurd. It was the fact that Ibn Saud, the Imam of Wahabi, had constructed a telephone line from the port of Jidda to his palace in Mecca. (This palace, incidentally, has a letter box through which everyone may reach the King directly with petitions and complaints.) The telephone line transformed the latent dissatisfaction of a part of the Ikhwan into revolution—the so-called 'telephone revolution.' It was not technical innovations alone, however, that excited the minds of the tribes. There was, above all, the breach of the Takfir—the decree of the King—that neither non-Wahabi Mohammedans nor non-Mohammedan aliens were

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any longer to be fought as infidels in a constant Djihad—Holy War. The peaceful mission of the word and the good deed were to take the place of warlike propaganda. The struggle of Faisal Ed Dawish against those 'Bidas' (innovations), this revolution of the faithful ended in the Batin valley in December, 1929, when the rebels were defeated in bloody battle. Ibn Saud decided to make an example of Faisal Ed Dawish, who had to die because he had not grasped the fact that the Wahabi revolution, as it had existed before the King seized power, could not become a permanent institution; that every State, even a Bedouin State, must ultimately turn to peaceful and constructive application of its creative powers. At this stage of development no State has any use for hotheads of the type of this ardent fighter for the Wahabi ideals, except as honored pensioners or border fighters at the command of the ruler.

We do not know the direction in which time and the development of the observable facts will lead. Nor, in a time when prophesy has become discredited, can we predict whether Ibn Saud and his work will stand the test, or whether the struggle for oil—which is found in great abundance both in the eastern and in the western part of this immense realm—will some day strangle the ethical mission of this liberator of the desert. But we do know the historical fact that Arabia's passivity is at an end and that every power and every movement which has anything to do with the Near East must take this fact, and especially the existence of the great Wahabi king and regenerator of Islam, into very serious consideration. Any trifling with the changes now taking place in the structure of Arab life may well bring about very serious consequences.

Ibn Saud is a dictator, but he differs from the masters of Turkey and Persia. He differs also from his neighbor, the autocrat of Yemen, who comes from almost the same background. Yemen seeks to maintain its independence by hermetically sealing itself against Europe in a medieval system of despotic government. Ibn Saud, on the other hand, is able to distinguish the essential from the non-essential—the deteriorating part of Europe from that which is necessary for progress and self-preservation. His Ministers and his office-holding sons are indeed Ministers and commissioners, but they are merely fingers on a body whose mighty head is Ibn Saud, son of Abdur Rahman, ruler of Saudi and Imam of all Ikhwan.

One thing must not be forgotten. Arabia in no way resembles Europe or America. The Bedouin of the desert occupies an entirely different position in life than a citizen of a western State. Thus when applied to Arabia the expression 'dictatorship' does not by any means imply an evaluation. When exercised against its own appropriate background and in the spirit appropriate to that background, it is Arabia's only escape from an alien, colonial, European dictatorship directed solely toward

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exploitation. For this reason it is hoped that this small effort at an evaluation of Ibn Saud may be read not from a European, but from an eastern, point of view.

A. E. Housman

By Percy Withers

From the *New Statesman and Nation*, London Independent Weekly of the Left

THE friends who knew him best will lament the death of A. E. Housman neither for his sake nor for the loss to poetry and scholarship, but on personal grounds alone. He had repeatedly averred his work in both spheres was finished and he desired death. In a letter dated towards the end of 1934—one of his unusually long and communicative letters—he wrote, recounting signs of old age: 'My life is bearable, but I do not want it to continue, and I wish it had ended a year and a half ago. The great and real troubles of my early manhood did not render those days so permanently unsatisfactory as these.' No explanation was given of the period mentioned, but I remembered that it coincided with the completion of *Manilius*. And along with this wish was another, reiterated in latter years like an obsession, that death might come suddenly. Often in our talks he had referred with a sort of exultant envy to those of his acquaintance to whom the boon had been given, to one in particular, who had taken his accustomed meal at high table, gone for his accustomed walk, and stayed to rest on his accustomed seat under the elms. Passers-by had remarked the sleeping figure. It was death that had come thus gently; and that to Housman was life's one perfect gift.

As to poetry, he neither wished nor intended to write more. It was not that the fount had run dry; rather a determined resolve that its flow should be suppressed. He dreaded the cost. As our intimacy grew and I became more venturesome in inquiry, he talked willingly of his creative methods and experiences. The more superficial and amusing of these figured in the famous lecture delivered in the Senate House in 1933; the private recital told a very different story. It conveyed the impression of nervous travail so intense, so prostrating, that the bare thought of a recurrence was too formidable to contemplate.

The whole of the sixty-three lyrics in *A Shropshire Lad* were composed in something less than eighteen months, the first half-dozen, he confessed, before he had ever set foot in the county. Then, as the impulse gathered force, he felt it might be well to pay Shropshire a visit—'for local color,' he added scoffingly. What precisely the benefit had been he did not say; the flow continued intermittently or tumultuously till

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the end was reached. Most of the poems were composed during his afternoon walks and set down on paper with little more than verbal corrections; when difficulty was encountered, it was almost invariably with the final verse, which sometimes involved a three weeks' struggle. Such direct influences as he was conscious of were, he told me, the Old Ballads, Shakespeare's Songs, and Heine, and these he had studied intensively before a line of *A Shropshire Lad* was written.

When the subject of composition was first broached he spoke only of its trials, and this primarily, I believed, to combat my appeal for more. When I persisted, he admitted to having written some half-dozen lyrics during the eighteen subsequent years; they were lying in his desk—he pointed to it—'awaiting posthumous publication,' he said laughingly. My renewed importunities in and out of season seemed rather to amuse and please than to vex him, but it was only at the moment of farewell on leaving Cambridge and its war work that I had the satisfaction of hearing that my 'prayer,' as he expressed it with the faintest curl of lip, had been answered, and that the number of poems in his desk had doubled since he first mentioned them. In the succeeding four years they increased to the forty-one published as *Last Poems* in 1922.

The depths and complexities of Housman's character were almost impenetrably obscured by his reticence, and still more perhaps by his determined habit of self-suppression. In the early days of friendship I could only attribute his unyielding patches of taciturnity to my own insufficiencies and so probably made confusion worse confounded, until one day, immediately following his visit to Mr. and Mrs. Bridges, Robert Bridges vociferated in a breath: 'Can you get him to talk? I can't.' This was appeasing, and still more so when a universally popular Head of College regaled me with the inconspicuous devices he had resorted to in the capacity of host to limit their unsupported interviews to ten minutes at a stretch.

True, Housman could never be garrulous, the easy and traditional exchanges of personalities seemed impossible to him, and, except good stories were passing, never jocund. But search his knowledge, suggest and question with discrimination, refuse defeat, and the reward was converse not brilliant but rich in information, excellently clear and incisive in expression, prompt in analogy and quotation, whether in prose or verse, and, perhaps its rarest quality, judgments and opinions that were never perverse or whimsical, but the fruits of a mind trained to precision, amazingly retentive, and exquisitively sensitive to literary values.

His assessments of literary merit were always given with decision, in the case of poetry with an air of finality; almost they brought conviction when least anticipated. As instances, he spoke of Shelley as maintaining

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the highest level of all our poets; of the original issues of Bridges' *Shorter Poems* as probably the most perfect single volume of English verse ever published; and of William Watson's *Wordsworth's Grave* as 'one of the precious things in English literature.'

What was and what was not poetry he decided simply, and I should say with the nearest possible approach to infallibility, by the physical response, or none, in the throat, the spinal cord, or the pit of the stomach, and the last the supreme oracle. Once when he had used the term in conversation, he was asked, 'What is the solar plexus?' A doctor present was hastening the Faculty's definition, when Housman whipped in with the rejoinder: 'It is what my poetry comes from.' One of his favorite books, and constantly reverted to as a model of style, was Selden's *Table Talk;* among contemporary novelists he was enthusiastic in praise of Arnold Bennett, scornful in disparagement of Galsworthy; detective stories he read as avidly as M'Taggart, and readily advised those he liked.

He enlightened my ignorance at length on *Manilius*, from which I got an impression of immense labor and of an adventure pursued less for the sake of literary worth than of resolving textual difficulties. The subject came pat for discussion as a consequence of his telling me, with an ironic laugh, that I should be amused to hear he had been hailed in Germany on the completion of the book as the first of living scholars. The laugh, not for the first time, nipped felicitations in the bud.

But scholars if not scholarship provided during one of our walks the best and most sustained talk I ever won from him. I chanced to remark that more than once in Cambridge he had been described in my hearing as their greatest scholar since Bentley. His face darkened, his whole frame grew taut, and in an angered voice he replied: 'I will not tolerate comparison with Bentley. Bentley is alone and supreme. They may compare me with Porson if they will—the comparison is not preposterous—he surpassed me in some qualities as I claim to surpass him in others . . .' And thereafter for a full hour he dilated on the personalities and achievements of the two eighteenth-century scholars, illustrated by copious anecdotes and incidents, relating both to the men, their characteristics, and their milieu.

HOUSMAN'S knowledge could hardly have been less extensive, or his memory less retentive, than Macaulay's; to his tastes and predilections there were definite limits. He cared little for pictures, nothing for music. Since he had so often and so unaccountably allowed his verses to be set to music, and never as I knew experienced the results, it occurred to me that he might like to hear gramophone records of Vaughan Williams' settings sung by Gervase Elwes. I was oblivious of the effect until two

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of them had been played, and then turning in my chair I beheld a face wrought and flushed with torment, a figure tense and bolt upright as though in an extremity of controlling pain or anger, or both. To invite comment or question was too like bearding the lion in its den, so I ignored the subject and asked mildly if there was anything else he would like. A pause. There was a visible struggle for self-possession, a slow relaxation of posture, and then a naïve admission that people talked a good deal about Beethoven's Fifth Symphony: had we got a record? I turned it on, and watched. The Sphinx-like countenance suggested anything and everything but pleasure, though there was an expression of contentment during the slow movement and faintest praise of it, and it alone, at the close.

I never saw him so much as glance at the water-colors on the walls. Once at my suggestion he went steadily and rather precipitately through cases of Japanese color-prints; the landscapes he liked—or did he? I am not sure; but on the same wet visit he spent most of one day voluntarily with the several volumes of Max Beerbohm's caricatures in visible and audible enjoyment. These exhausted, I offered the recently published Yashiro's *Botticelli*. He refused with the surprising remark that he cared nothing for Italian art earlier than Giovanni Bellini. Such an opportunity of correcting his chronology had never come before, would never come again; I smacked my lips over the temptation—and resisted it.

Of Housman's outside interests three only came within my cognizance—flowers, medieval churches, and wine; and one or another of them filled many an ugly gap in conversation, drew him when talk had become difficult as drawing blood from a stone, and afforded astonishing instances of the exactness and particularity of his knowledge. In search of wines and their allurements, ecclesiastical architecture and its grandeurs, he had toured year by year the famous vineyards, hostelries of repute, and the great churches of France.

His reaction to the flowers of the garden was amusing, if for no other reason, as a revelation of two pronounced characteristics: strange and rabid aversions, and naked literalness in expressing them. I came to the conclusion that the flowers he loved were the flowers known in childhood, and the more familiar in childhood the greater his wrath at the horticulturists' 'improvements.' Like Robert Bridges, he had a peculiar fondness for the scent of flowers and herbs. I have seen the former, when well past eighty, flop on to the ground a dozen times in as many minutes to smell the flowers at his feet; Housman, with more sobriety and less regard for pernickety proprietorship, would trample the border to get at any flowers that promised the desired whiff on unbending terms.

He was an avowed misogynist, uneasy and self-conscious in the company of unfamiliar women, courteous always, but strained in

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courtesy, and frank and emphatic in his denunciation of the sex generally. 'Where would you expect her to be?' he was once asked at table when savagely inveighing against a hostess who, after presiding at a dinner-party of men, joined them later in the drawing-room. 'In the pantry!' he snapped.

Indeed no subject was more certain of rousing him to willing and decisive speech. But there is a companion picture, so different, and of his own unconscious portraying; of another Housman, and of one exception at any rate to the sweeping condemnation. We were discussing friendship, when, after a jibe at my fecundity in this kind, he told me he had numbered but three friends in his whole life, and added with a note of exultation how more comfortably he could die now that he had seen the last of them put to rest. With a tenderness of passion utterly undisguised he went on to speak of this last of his friends—a woman—recently dead. He had loved and revered her from youth; she was his senior in age, I judged a close and constant companion in earlier days, in more recent years of separation a presence still to which he owed—though he did not quote the words—

In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart.

A stifled voice told more eloquently than the abrupt words both what he had won and what lost in her; and the story ended with a thank God he had outlived her and knew her safely laid in earth.

This is the Housman, implicit in his poetry, so hidden in his person, who, on hearing of the fatal disease that had attacked the gondolier he had employed for many successive summers, rushed off to Venice in mid-winter, made all provision with legal security for the man's comfort while he lived—and life was prolonged for several years—and left for England three days later never, as he told me significantly, to go back again. The emotions may have run as deep and strong in many men, but few can have repressed them so effectually that only intimacy provided a rare and fleeting glimpse. The consequence was, for him, loneliness; for most of those who knew him a half-knowledge—the half that tended to exclude those feelings that are the better part of friendship.

He seemed neither to ask nor expect affection, but when, on the two or three occasions he either related or received in my presence unquestionable evidences of it, he describes the effect as almost overwhelming. A common enough phrase, but coming from such a man as Housman, a revelation of qualities hidden too deep away, and of potentialities, I cannot but think, grievously and mistakenly thwarted.

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These three articles focus our attention in turn on the background of the recent Palestine riots, on Spain's new land reforms, and on Czechoslovakia's probable rôle in a Russo-German war.

THREE of a KIND

I. The Desert and the Sown

By Mrs. Edgar Dugdale

From the *Manchester Guardian*, Manchester Liberal Daily

Jackals yelled in the orange groves, which covered the land like a motionless, glossy sea, dark green in sunlight, but now silver under the moon. It was a hot, flower-scented night early in May of this year. In a day or two I was leaving Palestine.

I stood on the balcony of a house in a small country town in the heart of the red citrus-growing belt which borders the coast, and I looked out over the peaceful landscape. The soft throbbing of irrigation pumps formed a persistent accompaniment to the intermittent howlings of the jackals. They made a fantastic mixture of noises characteristic of modern Palestine, where by night as by day the odd contrasts of life force themselves upon every sense. They are all symptoms of the conflict between the forces of civilization and the forces of the desert which is being waged from Dan to Beersheba today.

Among the oleander bushes, white with flowers under the window, I heard from time to time footsteps and the low voices of men. The sound was the reverse of alarming, for these were Jewish patrols guarding life and property. But their presence in the garden signified that jackals were not the only wild creatures who might be moving that night in the moon-shadows through crops and orange groves.

Palestine had been in a state of disturbance all through my brief visit.

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One morning about the middle of April two or three Jews had been murdered in cold blood by Arabs, in streets linking the contiguous cities of Jaffa and Tel-Aviv. The victims were unoffending, unsuspecting people, going about their daily business. Then an Arab crowd had gathered and attempted a larger-scale attack on Jews. The police had fired, two Arabs had been killed; but no Arab had lost his life at Jewish hands, though seven Jews were murdered and eleven seriously wounded with knives or stones.

The official communiqué issued by the High Commissioner made these facts quite clear. Arson in towns or harvest-fields, stone-throwing, or shots at motors driven by Jews, attacks on individuals had been repeated every morning for a fortnight, and the Arab political leaders, who were perhaps taken by surprise at the first outbreak, soon exploited it by proclaiming a general strike, which was to end (so they were suffered to declare) only when the British Government had granted their political demands, which included complete stoppage of Jewish immigration. The Arab mayor of Jerusalem, where Jews form the majority of the population, and the Mufti, who, as head of the Supreme Moslem Council, is an official who receives pay from the British Administration, were prominent among the instigators of this strike but had not been removed from their official positions.

What, the Jews asked themselves, would have been the reaction of the Government if a Jewish mayor of Jerusalem had so snapped his fingers at authority and at his Arab constituents? As the days of the strike lengthened to a week, and more, such questions multiplied. And one day a Jew told me that he had been asked point-blank by an Arab acquaintance whether the British really approved of the strike, since they were doing nothing to stop it.

It seemed best to laugh at such a question and say that the strike would probably break down of itself. It was not popular, and there were plenty of stories of Arabs who were being persuaded to return to work by inducements not open to the Government to offer. The strikers were perhaps becoming aware that the presence of some 400,000 Jews, among them shopkeepers, taxi-drivers, porters, and stevedores, made a strike a less formidable political argument than it had lately appeared to be in Syria. Meanwhile it was not only the Jews who were losing money by the semi-paralysis of business.

II

But it was not of the strike, or even of the outrages, that I was chiefly thinking as I stood that evening listening to the cheery voices of the Jewish patrol coming up from the garden. All these things are merely incidents in the ebb and flow of the long struggle which must be fought through in Palestine, though not necessarily with weapons of war—the struggle between the desert and the sown.

We British made ourselves responsible for the opening of that struggle nearly twenty years ago, when we offered our co-partnership to Jewry in reëstablishing a national home on the ancient soil. What part are we playing in it now? Where are the real sympathies of the mandatory power? How much are we trying to understand the

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character and point of view of both the races that symbolize the conflict? What is the ultimate aim of British policy? Has it got an ultimate aim? These were the kind of questions to which I sought for some answer among my own experiences on this, my third visit to Palestine.

They are important questions, for Palestine, being what it is, lying where it does, will always raise for Britain big issues of Imperial defense and foreign policy. Its peace, its prosperity, and the feelings its population entertain toward us may at any minute become far more than mere local administrative interests.

Nowhere does one realize that better than in Haifa. Haifa stands above the wide bay of Acre, where the whole British Mediterranean fleet could ride at anchor, where the line of big oil-tanks on the beach shows that here is a mouth of the long pipe-line which begins far away in Mosul. In Haifa one feels that Palestine is a link, and may be a vital link, in the endless chain of communications which join up the parts of the British Empire by sea and air.

From the deck of the ship that brought me, I saw Haifa town rising steeply up the steps of Carmel. Its tiers of houses had spread much farther along the hillside than when I visited it last, two years ago. Half-an-hour after landing I was breakfasting with Jewish friends on the veranda of a charming house, built with every newest modern comfort. Then we drove out that I might see the changes in the town. The first change was not for the better. It was a loathsome collection of hovels, made out of old petrol tins and rags, without any sanitation whatever, in which hundreds of Haurani Arabs, attracted across the Syrian border by the prosperity and employment in Palestine, had been permitted to squat, with their wives and children.

'The public health authorities were inquisitive about the plumbing in our house,' said my hostess, 'but these places have been here for a year as you see them.'

We drove on a few hundred yards to the beautiful power-house of the Palestine Electric Company, dignified and simple, like some vast ancient temple, enclosing inside its white walls the huge engines that manufacture light and power for distribution over the whole country but still cannot do enough to keep pace with the demand. It stands close to the seashore in its own trim garden, looking out over the blue Mediterranean. But the wavelets were lapping a greasy, nasty red on to the pure yellow sand near by. They were dyed with blood from a neighboring slaughter-house.

Jews who are putting their work and their money into Palestine are disgusted that the British Administration should tolerate such things. They cannot understand why the amenities of life should be so largely left to them to provide, when the Treasury contains a surplus of six or seven million pounds which also is mainly provided by them, for Jews, who at present form 30 per cent of the population, pay nearly 60 per cent of the taxes.

We drove a mile or two farther along the bay and came to an expanse of ground where Brobdingnagian children seemed to have been arranging a sand tray under the eye of a kindergarten teacher. On the dunes hundreds of little yellow houses stand in rows,

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each in a garden where carnations, roses, strawberry plants, and vegetables of all sorts are growing straight out of the loose sand. I plucked up a pansy by the roots to convince myself that it had them.

I asked how the conjuring trick was done. 'By fertilizers, by the sun, and by love,' answered the owner of the garden, picking me a bouquet. Not long ago he was a well-to-do professional man in Germany. Now he is a clerk in Haifa, and comes out by motor-bus every evening to his home in this new dormitory settlement outside the town. Every one of the tiny houses has its bathroom and its electric cooker.

A few minutes later, passing again through the Haurani encampment, I saw a householder outside his tin shanty tearing his dinner with his teeth. It was a strip of red flesh, buzzing with flies.

III

Civilization and the desert are at hand-grips on this spot. And the British seem to be holding the ring if they are not weighting the scales. Take this very example of the Haurani squatters. They are not Palestinian Arabs, nor even Transjordanians. They are immigrants from Syria, just as the bulk of the Jews are immigrants from Europe, but with two important differences. First, Jews have been told they can look upon Palestine as their national home, where they may settle 'by right and not on sufferance,' whereas the Hauranis have no claim whatever on the country. Secondly, Jewish immigration is by statute limited by the economic capacity of Palestine to absorb it, but Haurani immigration has no such check and can flood the labor market, thus diminishing the amount of employment available either for Jews or Palestinian Arabs. The apparent lack of power, or of will, on the part of the Administration to keep these aliens out is a source of political discontent which the recent disturbances may intensify.

I have never heard a Palestinian Jew criticize the Government for any public expenditure for the benefit of Palestinian Arabs, whether on education, on hospitals, on agricultural training, or in any other way. Jews are perhaps more clear-sighted than most of the British officials about the real nature of the battle they must fight, and they believe the British could shorten the struggle by years if they would devote more of their energies to lessening the gap between Arab and Jewish standards of living.

Jews would certainly like to see less hoarding of public money and more assistance for their own schools, sanatoriums, and so forth, institutions which they maintain at a far higher level than the Government affords to the rest of the population. But the weight of their criticism at present is against the backwardness of many public services which are for the progress of the country as a whole. Existing posts, railways, secondary roads, and telephones most of all are blots on a prosperous country, with industries expanding almost quicker than factories can be built.

'Why,' people ask, 'does the Government suit its pace to Arab economic development instead of to ours? Jewish prosperity is making the Arabs more prosperous also. Why not do more to help us push it along?' The question became bitterer and more in-

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sistent after the Colonial Office began to envisage the question of immediately granting the Arab demand for a political constitution.

Standing there on the balcony, listening to the jackals and the thud, thud of the pumps spreading water over the thirsty ground, I listened for the footsteps of the Jewish patrols guarding those pumps (and incidentally myself) against the perils of the dark. Scores of others like them were keeping similar watch in fields and farms up and down the country that night. Brawny young men in shirts and shorts, these Jewish agricultural workers have developed together with muscle an air of self-confidence utterly removed from aggressiveness, which has never hitherto been considered characteristic of their race.

It is too easily assumed that the difficulties of governing Palestine are chiefly due to the presence of the Jews, an idea which is eagerly fostered by the Arab politicians and is encouraged rather than otherwise by the British official attitude. It is rare in those quarters to hear ungrudging acknowledgment of what the Jewish population has done for the country, but the most is made out of any shortcoming or indiscretion that Jews may commit. Such at least has been my impression, which has only deepened with every successive visit to Palestine.

It is now nearly twenty years since a British Government first gave the Jews the opportunity to show what they could do with a country where they might feel themselves at home. For twenty years they have been busy convincing us (and themselves) that they could make a success of national life. They have done it, and done it under conditions which no nation has ever had to face before, without any decisive voice in government, without any say in the disposal of public money, without any choice in the personnel of government, or any control over the proportion of Jews in the public services or the administration of justice.

None of these things was specified in the original bond between us and them, and the Jews have not yet asked that they should be added. But they cannot fail to feel their increasing stake in the country, and the time must surely come—recent events may hasten it—when Palestinian Jewry will ask for more definite indications that we are on their side—not against the Arabs, but against the forces which some of the Arab leaders exploit for their own ends: the blind, ignorant lust for destruction which the desert breeds.

II. Spain Catches Up

By Professor Bonorko

Translated from the *Pester Lloyd*, Budapest German-Language Daily

DURING the course of the month of March the ownership and operation of Spanish agriculture underwent changes so extensive and so rapidly achieved as to make them almost unique in economic history. The victories of the Left at the general parliamentary election of February 16,

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1936, not only opened up questions of the distribution of economic power but in many instances have already solved them. Tens of thousands of agricultural workers and small tenant farmers who were for the most part without income until a few weeks ago are today tilling their own soil, which was allotted to them by the 'Institute for Agrarian Reform.'

This agrarian reform, which may without exaggeration be characterized as an agrarian revolution, continues and completes the first Spanish agrarian reform of the years 1932–33, which was stopped and for the most part repealed as a result of the swing to the Right in the years 1934–35.

The present happenings restore the conditions existing in the fall of 1933, though in many instances they have already gone beyond those conditions. In the first days of March rural workers and tenant farmers returned to the lands allotted them by the first agrarian reform, and taken away when the reaction came. The Government hastened to legalize by decree the often forcible seizures. Thus the Institute for Agrarian Reform was enabled to note with satisfaction that within a single week it had 'installed' on the lands at its disposal 17,114 families of rural workers or tenant farmers. More accurately, these settlers 'installed' themselves on the plots originally allotted them and subsequently taken away.

Another official release speaks of 77,000 hectares (190,000 acres) changing hands in one week. On April 3 the Ministry of Labor announced that in the province of Badajoz in Estremadura the agrarian reform had been concluded, with 42,000 families settled on 105,000 hectares (259,350 acres). Thus the average size of each settlement here is 2.5 hectares (6.17 acres). From other provinces only partial returns are available; but the work is progressing rapidly everywhere. Such rapid and relatively orderly change of ownership would be unthinkable without the many months of preliminary technical and legal work of the first agrarian reform of 1932–33.

From the point of view of national economy three main tasks confront Spanish agrarian reform.

(1) Spanish economy is to be made increasingly independent of expensive imports of foreign agricultural products. Even in years of bumper crops Spain has to import wheat, corn, legumes and other agricultural products which, with better distribution and utilization of the soil, it could raise itself. For in antiquity Spain was called the granary of the Roman Empire; and subsequently the Arabs, with their skillful use of irrigation, actually increased the fertility of the land and the luxuriousness of the forests. But at present the total annual imports of the products of agriculture, forestry and animal husbandry amount to a sum which could be reduced by about 75 per cent.

(2) Rural unemployment and misery and the usurious exploitation of agricultural labor are to be replaced by profitable work on land owned by the workers themselves.

(3) The *ex*tensive exploitation of the arable soil practiced on the large estates is to be converted into *in*tensive exploitation by dividing the estates into small homesteads. The large estates to be subjected to this process total about 1.5 million hectares (3.7 million acres).

Spain's three greatest landowners,

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the former Archdukes of Medina, Penaranda and Alba, control respectively more than 79,000; 52,000; and 36,000 hectares each (194,130; 128,440; and 88,920 acres)—together more than 170,000 hectares (419,900 acres). The next five largest holders, according to the statistics, control 17,000; 17,000; 10,000; 8,000 and 7,000 hectares (41,990; 41,990; 24,700; 19,760 and 17,290 acres). Thus the eight largest landowners control altogether more than 230,000 hectares (568,100 acres). Twelve hundred families own more than 40 per cent of all the agricultural land in Spain. Another 20 per cent is owned by 75,000 families. In Andalusia and Estremadura almost all the land belongs to large landowners, who hold it in feudal tenure.

The land recognized by the Institute for Agrarian Reform as suitable for settlement projects is distributed over fourteen of Spain's fifty provinces. Today it is estimated that 10 per cent of this settlement program has been realized.

On the one hand the agrarian laws of September, 1932, set aside for expropriation all the large estates of medieval-feudal origin, and on the other hand all properties larger than 50 hectares (123.5 acres) if irrigated, and 750 hectares (1,852.5 acres) if not irrigated. In addition, estates which were acquired for speculative purposes or were not under cultivation were to be subject to expropriation.

II

To punish a few of the old noble families for their participation in the monarchist rebellion of August, 1932, the expropriation of the estates of the grandees was carried out without remuneration. In 1934–35 the Rightist Governments either paid indemnities to the grandees or revoked the expropriations. One of the first decrees of the Azaña Government was that of February, 1936, which stopped all such payments to the grandees. The estates of the grandees amount to 573,000 hectares (1,415,310 acres), a good third of all the land to be distributed. The other landowners are indemnified with special bonds amounting to 50 per cent of the value of their holdings as determined by their tax returns, the bonds to be amortized in fifty years.

Settlement is carried out either individually, by single colonists, or collectively, through coöperative management, by labor organizations. Only rural workers or tenant farmers are eligible for settlement.

The official State institution is the Institute for Agrarian Reform in Madrid. The Institute has formed a Chamber of Agriculture in every province where settlements are to be established. These Chambers take over the expropriated land and distribute it to the settlement associations, which must themselves choose between individual and collective operation. Finally, the Institute fixes the rent which the colonists must pay the State.

The Institute for Agrarian Reform receives an annual Government subsidy of 50 million pesetas. This it has to turn over to the settlers in the form of advances, loans, seeds and implements. This task can be accomplished by an expenditure of approximately 3,000 pesetas per settler. Thus the annual budget of 50 million pesetas takes care of only 17,000 settlers, and the Institute's subsidy will probably

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have to be increased considerably in the near future if rational management of the soil is to keep pace with the accelerated tempo of its distribution.

Opinions are much divided about the time the agrarian reform will take. Until quite recently people were speaking in terms of ten years. Now many believe that the whole thing can be wound up in a few weeks. Because of the present haste the land allotments are naturally provisional, being based on a special decree calling for more intensive cultivation of the soil. It is the blanket power this decree gives the communes to dispose of the land provisionally which makes the acceleration possible.

There are two categories of settlers: the rural workers and the small tenant farmers. With a daily wage which was often as little as two pesetas, the rural workers led an existence of almost inconceivable privation. The tenant farmers, on the other hand, worked not so much for the owners as for the middlemen. The sub-tenant who actually tilled the land was frequently fourth in line after the owner, the leaseholder and another middleman. He had to pay usurious rent, frequently six times as high as that the landowner received. In the new tenancy decree these middlemen are excluded. The Institute for Agrarian Reform sees to it that the agreement between the landowner and the *yuntero* who tills the soil with his own team is carried out.

Spain's agrarian reform is helping her to catch up with what has been the rule for decades or centuries in most of the civilized states of Europe. A remnant of medieval feudalism which maintained its position with remarkable tenacity is being exterminated. To the advantage of the starving unemployed, the poorly paid workers and the small tenant farmers, Spain is building up a project which will give her economic system a great boost.

III. Czechoslovakia: The Dangerous Corner

By F. L.

Translated from the *Weltwoche*, Zurich Independent Swiss Weekly

FEW States watch the course of events more apprehensively than Czechoslovakia. The Saar—the Franco-Soviet Pact—Germany's rearmament—the occupation of the Rhine—conscription in Austria. . . . These events have followed each other in rapid succession, and for Czechoslovakia each is important.

At the time of its genesis the military pact which Czechoslovakia concluded with the Soviet Union in 1935 was the subject of a violent controversy. For it automatically puts Czechoslovakia into a war from which, on account of her exposed position, she will suffer the most. France is protected by the world's most gigantic fortifications; Russia is difficult to overcome because of its immense extent.

Czechoslovakia, on the other hand, has none of these advantages: no fortresses; a frontier 2,000 miles long—a headache for a general staff; her most important industrial dis-

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tricts close to her borders, which are settled by the Czech Nazis, the *Sudetendeutschen;* and, above all, six of her 15 million inhabitants minorities which—on account of her not very effective minorities policy—are only waiting for the moment when they can assert their rights. Her most important districts, as well as her capital, are within half-an-hour's reach of fast planes.

Even today there is no lack of advisers who would rather have Czechoslovakia a neutral business agent in the event of a European conflict. But . . . these wishful dreams can hardly be fulfilled in a coming war. For Germany would mistrust even a neutral Czechoslovakia, and would strive to get rid of this threat to her rear as quickly as possible. Besides, such armed preparedness would merely encourage the 3½ million *Sudetendeutschen* (called the Henlein party, and driven into the network of Goebbels' propaganda by a severe economic depression) to provoke a conflict which would give Hitler the opportunity to play the rôle of peacemaker.

These may have been the main considerations behind Czechoslovakia's decision to conclude a military pact with the Soviet Union—and subsequent developments have shown that her politicians were right. Nevertheless it is not quite clear what Czechoslovakia's situation would be if she were forced to fight shoulder to shoulder with France and the Soviet Union. One must remember that the States which surround her are out of the question as allies: Germany as the main opponent; Austria, which might be the first to fall victim in a conflict, and which could then be occupied without great resistance; Poland, the rather unfriendly Slav brother, which was not on good terms with the Czechs even before she established a friendship with the Germans; Hungary, which cannot forget Slovakia and the million former subjects who live there. Rumania is the only ally with which Czechoslovakia shares a small section of her frontier.

Lately, border violations by the Reichswehr have increased. Their aim is undoubtedly to gain greater familiarity with important military points—for years Germans have been hiking to Bohemia, in the summer as well as in the winter. As is well known, one of the German war plans provides for a rapid invasion in the direction of Moravia-Ostrava and Bratislava; the occupation of the coal basin; and the cutting in two of Czechoslovakia, thus making it harmless and ineffective.

II

But there are other places where such plans could be carried out, too. In such an event the Czechoslovakian military forces would have to fall back on their own resources, for there are no defensive works, fortresses or outer forts, and the strategic position is as unfavorable as it could well be. In revenge, they could certainly undertake an attack on Saxony, Silesia or Bavaria; but fundamental German industries would scarcely be endangered by such an attack, and no strategically significant results would be accomplished. Pilsen, which boasts the Skoda Works, Czechoslovakia's armament center, is no more than twenty-five miles from the Bavarian border, so that an extended and successful defense of the western part

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of the State—the so-called 'historical countries' of Bohemia, Moravia and Silesia—could hardly be hoped for even if the domestic political apprehensions about the minorities (especially the Czech Nazis) were disregarded—which would be very foolhardy. It is enough to read about the constant trials of spies in the Czech press to see this.

Under these circumstances it would perhaps be wisest to surrender the western part of the State after a little resistance on the borders. Thus the population and the national wealth would be protected from fruitless losses, and the able-bodied men could retreat to the Slovak-Carpatho-Russ region, where a first line of defense ought to be established. Forced to wage a war on these fronts, Germany would hardly place armed forces there. Here in the east, coöperation with the Russian army should be sought. Hungary can be more easily kept under control by the allies in the Little Entente. On the other hand, Russia would have here an effective jumping-off place for its aircraft, which could penetrate far into Germany—a plan in which there is a kernel of truth, despite all denials. Czechoslovakia would thus follow Serbia's plan in the World War: retreat and organize defense far from the border. Then Russia and France would take the lead.

Airplanes roar through the air and searchlights flicker over the night sky in Prague as these lines are being written. Let us hope, in spite of all, that it will not become a bloody, gruesome truth, that millions will not be seared by flame-throwers, crushed by tanks, burnt by poison gas, or torn to pieces by grenades. Between 1914 and 1918 5,000,000 were starved, 10,000,000 were killed, 20,000,000 injured. How many would there be this time?

Helpful Suggestions

Give the parents of every boy who enlists a policy of insurance of £500 (or any amount sufficient to induce parents to part more readily with their sons) in case of death in war or death through disease in wartime.

Abolish from the streets the great numbers of begging ex-service men, wearing medals and giving by their appearance psychologically the worst impressions of the results of an army career to the young would-be recruits.

—Two Letters in the *Daily Mail*, London

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'By noon neither man nor house had come in sight. Suddenly he lost the path.'

The White Men's ROAD

By PIERRE GALINIER

Translated by HENRY BENNETT

From *Marianne*, Paris Liberal Weekly

ROBERT NOBLET had come to Darlac, in the Moi country, searching for that red earth which delights the eyes of tropical planters.

He had left his meager baggage in his riverside headquarters, and, having camped by the side of the interminable colonial highway, began to survey the surrounding country. Pleased with the land and the richness of its ferruginous soil, he thought of ending his wanderings and settling down.

But the Moi's behavior was something he had not taken into account. They were a sullen people who seemed by no means anxious to put themselves out by encouraging a white man to settle near them. With infinite patience, Noblet addressed himself to the task of winning them to a more accommodating frame of mind. Alone and unarmed, he went every day to some village, bringing small gifts with him. He palavered for hours, exchanged the copper bracelets that signify friendship, and returned to his camp in the afternoon.

The wisdom of his course had produced immediate results. He was accorded a punctilious and ceremonious politeness. A whole back-country opened up to him, a territory overlooked in the Geographic Service's sketchy investigations, where an unknown population went peaceably about its affairs, protected by a no-man's-land that guarded them from all approaches from the hated White Men's Road.

Noblet went out one morning, as he had done so many times, in search of adventure. He was sure of meeting with people wherever he went, and his pockets were full of cigarettes and glass beads for the chiefs he hoped to win over.

For three kilometers he followed the straight road that leapt, agile as an animal, from hill to hill. Its reddish trail ran on through the desert of burnt grass as far as the eye could see. The road was a warming sight to a solitary pioneer, a living witness of the thought and travail of so

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many elder brothers, numberless and remote, who had furrowed the world through time and space.

Noblet recognized the track he had found the day before, and turned into it. He wore *espadrilles*, the customary helmet, short-sleeved shirt and khaki trousers. Light of heart and firm of limb he strode, fresh and young as the fresh morning hours. He gripped a stout stick. He was elated, filled with the joy that intoxicates men who thrust out into unknown country.

The early morning mists, pink with the rays of the still invisible sun, dissolved gradually. The endless veldt, dotted with puny greenish-black bushes, undulated in the breeze; the monotony of the landscape gave it something of the quality of a primitive painting, without background or values. He was so near the sky he seemed to elbow the horizon. In the distance a few thin clouds flamed. Clean-washed, limpid, and blue, the sky deepened. The sun rose.

The tall grasses sunned themselves in the heat of the new day; they moved now and then with little rustlings; lightly, quickly, an animal scurried.

His man-smell heralded Noblet's approach. Watched by creatures terrified at his presence, he kept his course through the silence of a hundred held breaths.

When the path wound through the jungle, a deafening hubbub began. The stifling heat of the moist, massive shadows of the trees brooded over an astonishing activity; strident sounds riddled the still air. The birds and monkeys, those impudent peoples, barely moved aside to let Noblet pass, and, as he went, took up their games, their songs and quarrels again with scarcely a moment's interruption.

And, slow, ponderous and scorching, vast as the arena of vanished centuries, draped in its transparent winding-sheet of silence, the veldt stretched before him.

Now and then there were traces of man. On the flanks of hills were squares of burnt earth that contrasted with the foliage. Rotten thatch, scattered bamboo, clods of burnt clay, pink and red, bore witness to past inhabitants. Sprung from fallen seeds, a papaw-tree and a few pineapples and pimentoes flourished. In such places, not long since, wandering families banished from villages had set up their roofs; then, when the tiny yams had reddened and the maize was harvested, had gone a-journeying again.

Noblet went on with mighty strides. Sometimes the acrid odor of dried grass was in his nostrils; sometimes the heavy smell of cardamom or the honey-sweetness of white orchids striped with mauve. His lungs expanded; a kind of drunkenness possessed him; strong in his freedom, mighty in his youth, he raised his voice and sang.

II

Later in the morning, from a hill, he saw a thicket of prickly bamboo. It was tender green in the reddish grass, at the end of a glen. He knew there must be a watercourse there. The path that took him toward it ran along a track that bore traces of wild beasts; the stream flowed through a plateau of volcanic rock. A light breeze stirred the bamboos; they creaked like the ropes of a sailing-boat.

Noblet sat for a moment in the shade beside the clear water, then crossed the stream by the beasts' ford, following the track. Soon he was

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plunged to his chest in tall grasses that split around him like water round a moving ship, billowing behind him, to regain their immobility after long swayings. Then he passed beneath trees whose refreshing shadows caressed his skin. Alone in these limitless spaces, he seemed to bring with him a revelation of human sovereignty.

On his right hand at last he saw a hut. He went up to the door, shoving against it in the manner of the natives, and asked for drink. With arm outstretched, seeking his direction, he asked in bad Moi:—

'Village near?'

His host made a vague gesture.

'Euh . . . euh. . . . Boun Tluoung.'

'Come with me!'

When they had covered three hundred yards, the Moi set him on a new path, signifying with his hand that Noblet should go on alone.

'Near?'

'Yes, yes. Very near.'

They drew apart. Noblet looked at his watch; it was ten o'clock. He would never make camp until early evening. Well, this time he would have to accept the unspeakable, saltless, badly plucked, ungutted chicken the chief of the next village would be sure to offer him, and borrow a horse besides.

After another quarter of an hour of walking, the path was crossed by a river; it continued on the opposite bank, much less trodden, narrower, with far fewer signs of use across the stream, where only a handful of creatures sought their food.

By midday, neither man nor house had come in sight. Suddenly, he lost the path.

Bent among the giant grasses, peering for the way, he came upon his own footprints. This was luck, for he had decided to go back, and now, it seemed, here was the path again, hidden beneath a mass of tall grass blown down by a recent storm. But there was only the sound of the hard earth beneath his feet to tell him in which direction he should go.

The veldt was white under the straight-flung rays of the sun, and a few scattered, puny trees arose slowly from the unknown horizon. Their shadows were like the reflection in the sea of high, rounded clouds in a summer sky. Under the sharply-defined edges of this double illumination, a landscape void of life was spread, as if awaiting resurrection. The horizon disappeared. Through the endless temple of colonnades and silence, the white man went more slowly, in the grip of an instinctive reverence, under the spell of the great immobile priestess, Solitude.

He came into a region of forest clearings. Suddenly, the tide of tall grasses retreated. On the short turf that succeeded them, in the deeper shadow of the trees, Noblet could find no trace at all of the path; but the hope of discovering another track bore him on, and he explored the terrain with minute care. It was in vain; and when, in disappointment, he decided to return to the starting point of his search, he could not find it.

His back tingled with nerves, as he covered the ground once more, losing his bearings completely. His legs were weak with tension. It was three o'clock. Dead tired, without food or weapons, he was overcome by a spell of faintness.

'Pull yourself together, old man! Keep your wits about you! Suppose

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you are a bit nervous and empty-bellied? Might as well admit it; but that doesn't mean the situation is tragic! Rest is what you need! Sit down! Splendid! Now, a cigarette. And afterwards? Well, we'll see!'

The need he felt of reasoning with himself had made him talk aloud. But his weakness annoyed him, and he went on:—

'So you don't care for this sort of thing? Playing the fool and waving your arms! Well, you'll stay here half an hour, you hear? Thirty minutes, watch in hand!'

He began his wait. Heavy under the caldron of the sky, the earth slept, unbreathing. Objects trembled in the heat-haze, as if they were seen through the flame of a fire.

But before fifteen minutes had passed he could endure the waiting no more; he wanted tremendously to be off, to find a track, to make his way out of this imaginary cage with its disappearing sides. Anxious to relieve himself of his self-imposed obligation, he insisted that his weakness had passed, that there was no justification for further delay. Half convinced of the merit of the argument, in which, he was sure, fear played no part, he determined to proceed slowly and methodically, and, satisfied to have overreached himself in such a manner, set off again.

III

Trusting to the benevolence of his lucky star, he took a definite direction, resolved to follow the first track he should come upon.

He was still calm, despite the difficult situation. But the strong light made it impossible for him to search as he wanted to, and he grew weak again; his arms were striped with scratches, his feet were afire, he was ravenously hungry. And he was obsessed with the terror of moving in a circle from which he would never escape. Time after time, the sun helped him follow a straight line.

At last he reached the veldt.

For two hours, his eyes held by the hands of his watch, he scoured the weary plain with hastened steps and heightened anxiety as time sped by. While the sun descended slowly to the naked horizon, a vague uneasiness possessed him. Would a tardy stroke of luck bring him to the White Men's Road?

He set off once more.

Down below, suddenly a somber rampart of vegetation stood, setting bounds to the retreating horizon. It was the jungle. So, as the day ended, he was left with the choice between jungle and veldt, the one as hospitable as the other for a night's lodging.

More than ever now he wanted to find a track, the track that would take him back to men. It was the hope of coming upon it, a hunter's track, a pathway made by fruit-gatherers, perhaps, that took him to the fringe of the trees. Feverishly, with bent back and wide eyes, he searched the ground. There was not the least sign. His head empty, his belly racked with pain, he leaned against a tree. Stupefied, sodden, he could not make up his mind to take to the plain or the forest, but he imagined himself to be deep in thought.

Thirst brought him back to reality. Surely a stream sang a few steps away, under the brushwood. Stretched on the flat-rocked bank, he drank, bathed his face and neck, plunged his shod

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feet in the current. But it was a dismal respite.

A sound broke the silence. Uncertain of its reality, he held his breath, listening intently. Distant, dulled, a series of distinct sounds followed one another quickly.

'A Moi woodcutter!'

He leapt up, trembling from head to heel. New strength possessed him. To find his way to the Moi, go with him to his village, ask hospitality for the night and be set upon the right track next day—what could be simpler?

Fatigue, hunger, confusion vanished instantly. A fellow-man was near. It was a revivifying thought, and as courage grew in him, the weariness and anguish of the day seemed like dreams. He bent again to drink from the stream, listened intently for the sounds, measured the high wall of vegetation with his eye, and forced a passage into the jungle as if he were pushing open the great door of a cathedral.

Braving snares and stumbling-blocks, hidden tree-stumps, saturnine briars, low-hanging branches, unseen rocks, shadowed crevasses, worn out by twelve hours' heavy going, he went nevertheless light-footed.

Sometimes the sound of the axe died. Then motionless, breathing fast, blood buzzing in his ears, he stood and waited. The sound began anew; it filled him with joy.

The day's heaviness lifted; night descended, and its numberless creatures awakened and yawned. The jungle's poor humanity, the monkeys, unused to nocturnal orgies, clumsy at this late hour, and tired with the day's antics, leapt from branch to branch seeking a safe shelter from beasts large and small.

Noblet went on, swallowed up in the endless jungle, mantled with the gloom of the dying day; flayed, driven, he hurled himself against ever-recurring obstacles; he waded through swamps full of slimy mud, where ferns and little cresses grew.

Now the sounds were so near he was surprised not to see the native. The noise was just a few yards off. But there was no one there. Very carefully he advanced again, crouched on his heels. Fearful even of the creaking of his bones, bending his body instinctively, he assumed the position from which his ancestors had spied out the land in times of danger. Shivers like sea-ripples ran over his back, contracting his shoulders, gliding up and down his spine, converging in his chest, to lose themselves in his legs. Ten, twenty, thirty seconds he waited, crouching, in a silence that seemed like eternity.

The sounds were not renewed. There was a sudden echo, brief and sonorous, and Noblet leapt from the ground and looked about him uncomprehending. Now the sounds were retreating, behind him. Softly he followed them. Three blows resounded, clearer and closer than ever, in the stillness of the increasing twilight. He peered with all his strength, hopelessly; he was still alone.

While he watched the treetops, three more blows rang out like shots.

Above him, high on a branch, he saw a bird with half-open beak uttering its night-call.

His last hope gone, he understood the vanity of all thought, all decision, the uselessness of courage; a tide of fragmentary thoughts rose in him. Now he lacked even so much as a hope that his needs might be satisfied; he

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crouched unmoving, his arms inert, his eyes wandering.

'What's the use?' he answered himself. 'What on earth's the use?'

He sat sunk on his legs, his head bent, his eyelids heavy; his arms sagged as if they were filled with sawdust. Overcome with weariness, he gave up the struggle. His body's commands could go unheeded no longer. He stretched himself on the ground.

'Sleep, that's all; I don't care where! I don't give a damn where!'

IV

Over the free horizon of the veldt, melted in the copper mists, the sun's last rays hung like gilded banners in the sky. Here, under the shadowing trees, where increasing gloom heralded an end of daytime security, the terror of the coming darkness goaded the beasts into vigilance. It was a fearful world's ending that renewed itself each night.

The heavy weight of silence awakened Noblet. His ears were empty, his eyes were drowned in shadows; his breathing seemed to be the only sound in the world and he himself the one survivor on a dead planet.

'The night—the night,' he murmured.

He could not understand his words. It was like talking in a foreign tongue. The words flew from him, vanishing—senseless, meaningless bubbles of sound; his mind could not follow them.

He heard a noise of singing. At first it was timid, intermittent, then swelled into a mighty chorus. The birds were saying their sad or quarrelsome goodnights. Each kind gathered together, looked to see if all were there, waited a little for latecomers, and moved off together in thick flight, soon lost in the blue peace of the empty sky. When all had flown, their prince, the peacock, last on his branch, sounded his rattle-throat cry. Silence dwelt again in the sky and the dusk grew deeper.

Darkness had almost closed upon the zenith when a lost deer began to bellow. A roar, sharp and clear, followed its cry. It was the tiger, pursuing.

Noblet stood up suddenly, murmuring. He grasped the meaning of the roar.

Fear pushed him on; he set off without knowing where his steps were tending, but aware that he must go, and that he must give blustering warning of his presence.

Soon he had himself in hand; he reasoned that he would be wise to await the rising of the moon, for the most dangerous part of the night was still to come.

He struck a match to look at his watch, but it had stopped; the last thread that bound him to civilization was snapped. Now nothing distinguished him from a savage but his ignorance of the jungle and his civilized uselessness.

It was not so easy to remain still. Inaction made his skin itch. He wanted to move on, yet a stronger impulse stayed him. But he realized the true nature of the impulse and decided to go on, for he was fearful that he would be unable to overcome it if he delayed.

Unseeing, his stick held out before him, a hand protecting his face, he went; heavy, unbalanced, raging and cursing when he felt brave enough—making as much noise as he could.

After having lain dormant all his

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life, instinct, that sixth sense of wild creatures, revived in him. He knew that animals watched him from the deep shadows. The supple creepers that fouled his legs, the night-birds that caressed his face with cold wings, the cries, the growls, the whistlings, the calls, the moans, the howls on every side made him stiff with fear. He groped along, dragging his worn-out *espadrilles;* their soles were gone.

He lost his footing and tumbled to the bed of a dried watercourse. It was a lucky fall, he thought. Under its arches of verdure, the river bed gave him a sense of security, and set him in a definite direction. Now and then masses of ferns, like thick screens of lace, arose along the pebbly path. He beat them down with his stick, stunning himself with the noise he made. Into this tunnel, where the moisture of vegetable decay stagnated, the coolness of the night could not come. Very rarely there were gaps in the leafage, and he caught glimpses of a fiery sky. The moon must be large and red. It struck his mind with the dazzling precision of lightning; he knew that he was being followed—that It was following him.

Petrified, hair on end, he felt strong enough, nevertheless, to control his flashing intuition; he would turn half about, to see, to make sure. Yes—he could—he would!

Slowly, carefully, he pivoted. Fifteen paces away, two glittering eyes stared.

He staggered. Terror hung before his face, scorched him with its flame.

'I am falling! I am falling! I mustn't! I mustn't!'

The noise of a tremendous scuffling broke on his ears. He dropped his stick, his hat fell off; he began to run desperately, a straw borne on a wind of panic. His joints were sore, his knees bent with fatigue, but he ran.

Tried to the utmost, giddy, broken-backed, he fell. 'No, that's all! No more! I can't! Get it over with, quick! quick!'

His closed eyes danced in a chaos of stars. He wanted to supplicate, cry mercy, howl aloud. But he choked, his throat was stuffed. His arm held about his face, he waited . . . He waited . . . an infinity. . . .

Childishly, with all manner of superstitious precautions, just as if he were playing hide-and-seek, he dared at last to raise his head.

The green eyes shone with implacable hatred, still at the same distance. The tiger was following him, then, as tigers do when they are uncertain about something. Perhaps he was hungry.

Noblet shuddered like a guilty creature at the sight of those eyes. He tried to stand up, but he could not, and terror redoubled within him.

He began to make his way on all fours, groaning, shaking with weakness, his knees and hands torn and bloody.

He persevered so for hours, unknowing, without thought or will, pressing down the blinding gulf that hung giddily before him. . . .

V

He came to himself in the pink light of the dawn. Stiff with pain, he could not move at first. But the nauseating anguish of intense hunger forced him to rise.

The jungle was powdered with sunlight. It filled gradually with the con-

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fused, indefinable, and tranquilizing murmurs of the life of day. Noblet listened, and heard a cock crow. His stricken senses, at war with his mind, grasped the meaning of the sound, there in the slow dawn. Suddenly, furiously, like the last leap of a fear that has outlived its cause, hope leapt in him. A cock was certainly no wild bird! The thought gave him strength enough to crawl.

In the midst of a trodden clearing he saw a Moi village. In the serenity of the morning, ranged round the floor where the rice was winnowed, the long huts showed signs of life.

He crossed the enclosure, and stopped, trembling.

They came out to him. The whole community gathered together to gape at this white man who could not speak but who devoured the raw eggs and bananas they gave him.

'Elanh?' he asked at last.

Then he slept.

A sturdy hand awakened him. He was being carried in a litter. A warrior shook him with rough joviality, and pointed to a spot in the distance.

'Elanh!'

He saw the Road running out to the barrier of the horizon; the road, untiring, winding, red; coiled in the silence of the veldt, more obstinate, bloodier, more human than ever, under the ardent perpendicular sun.

The White Men's Road . . .

He sat tailor-wise on his litter of branches, his throat full of little hiccoughs of joy; two tears trickled down his cheeks. He grinned stupidly.

Dachau Defined

Karl Valentin is the popular German vaudeville artist who was temporarily suspended from the stage because he poked fun at the Nazis. But that has not stopped him. In one of his new acts, his partner, Liesl Karlstadt, asks him: 'Tell me, what is this Dachau concentration camp?" Valentin reflects a moment. Then he says: 'Imagine a great big square. Around the square there is a thick wall six feet high. And around the wall there is a very deep ditch. And the ditch is surrounded by a multiple barbed wire fence, charged with electricity. And on top of the wall machine guns have been placed, and heavily armed S.S. men patrol them. . . . Even so, if I really *wanted* to, I could get in!'

—From the *Neue Weltbühne*, Prague

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Here, in her own words, is the story of a Russian girl parachute jumper.

Coming Down *to* Earth

By Lyubov Berlin

Translated from *Pravda*,
Moscow Official Communist Party Daily

In the summer of 1933 an acquaintance invited me to visit the Tushino flying field. On arriving I looked around and saw some tarpaulin bags lying on the ground—they were parachutes. Presently an airplane took off. All this was so new that I did not know where to look. Then suddenly I hear:—

'See him jump!'

And I see a tiny little man dangling from a white parasol. But I missed the moment when he jumped.

Then the director of the parachute school, Moshkovski, said: 'This time I'm taking a girl up. This is her second jump.'

It was Tassia Nefedova. I looked at her with eyes as big as saucers. It's not so surprising to see men in soldiers' uniforms jump, but a girl!

'Nefedova!'

She came over to us gayly and asked: 'Time to dress?'

I kept on looking at the airplane and putting myself in her place. Then I saw her crawling out on the wing, jumping, opening the parachute. And I said to myself: 'I've got to jump.'

I took to visiting the flying field every day. At that time a small group of parachute jumpers was being organized there. I kept after Moshkovski, and finally he saw that I really wanted to jump. It seems that he was trying me out—seeing how much I really wanted to. At last he consented: 'Very well, get yourself examined.' I went to see a doctor. My heart seemed to be all right; he examined me and gave me a certificate which I brought to the school. There they told me:—

'Very well, you'll jump on July 27.'

On the morning of July 27 I was very excited. The weather was fine. I took a bus to the flying field. When I saw the field in the distance and the airplane standing there ready to take off, my heart seemed to stop. I went over to the director: 'Am I jumping today?'

'No, not today. I have some students to take care of. Besides, the wind is too strong.'

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The next day—the same thing. I think it was done on purpose. The delay quieted me down. I worried and fretted, and then got over being nervous. On August 3 I came to the flying field again. But I did not really believe that they would let me jump this time. On the way the bus broke down. I ran across the flying field thinking: 'Probably no parachutes left. How annoying!'

The sun had almost set. A crowd gathered around me. It's always quite an event on the flying field when a girl takes her first jump. I was not at all afraid. My pulse was a little fast, but that was from a sort of joyous excitement—'At last, I'm going to do it!' Everybody was looking at me, and I thought to myself: 'Wait, I'll show you!'

I got into the airplane. I was warned once again: 'If you don't feel right on the wing, if you are nervous or uncertain—don't try to jump. Just get back into the cock-pit.'

We took off. I looked down and thought: 'Here I am going up in the airplane. But I'll be coming down alone!' It was very easy to climb out on the wing. I sat down and waited. The wind is not as strong as it seems at first. When the throttle is cut, you can easily talk to the pilot. I took hold of the ring. Then I let go with my left hand, with which I was holding on to a strut, turned around to the left, and immediately jumped. It felt as if I just let go of the strut and the wind carried me off.

The first sensation is that the air around you is extremely elastic. First you think you are falling into emptiness and then you stop feeling the speed with which you are falling because the minute you're off the plane you have pulled the ring, there's a jerk, and the parachute opens out above you. I looked up and saw a bright, dappled dome shutting out the sky. And immediately I felt very calm. All the tension passed. First there was the noise of the motor, then the jump, and now suddenly—silence. I looked around and saw the airplane flying by. And I felt terribly happy that I had jumped without balking. The whole thing is not at all as frightening as people say. On the contrary, it is very pleasant. You experience a sort of purely moral satisfaction because you have mastered your excitement and jumped after all.

I went home. All the folks were asleep. Next morning I told them, and the news created great excitement. I had to promise never to do it again. But all I could think of was the next jump. The following day I went back to the flying field, and from that time on I would go up in the plane whenever the weather was good.

After a while I started thinking about delayed jumps. It seemed incredible to be able to fall without pulling the ring immediately. I wanted badly to do it, but at the same time I was afraid. I asked all my friends about how they made their delayed jumps. Everybody told me something different.

That summer I asked my father to come to the field. He was nervous. He kept on following me around and asking: 'Going to jump today?'

'Yes, and a delayed jump, too!'

They told me to take eight seconds. In such cases I count eight with intervals. Some people count until sixteen, others count like this: one-hundred-one, one-hundred-two, one-hundred-three, and so on until you reach

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one-hundred-eight. It's all a question of convenience.

That day I jumped from the airplane as usual. Only this time I held my left hand with my right to stop myself from pulling the ring before I was supposed to. Then I was falling. The ring was in its proper place. The air around me felt buoyant and bracing. It is the most pleasant sensation in the world to feel yourself falling in space and to know that any minute you can open the parachute. I grounded. Father came running to me and helped to extricate me from the parachute. The men told me later that while I was up he kept on walking in circles, looking up at the sky, and almost went frantic counting the seconds.

From that time on I always took delayed jumps.

On May 30, 1935, I took a parachute jump from a glider. Only three or four men in the Soviets had ever tried to do this before; and no woman had ever done it anywhere. The glider was piloted by one of our best pilots—Malyugin. When we separated from the airplane, the noise of the motors stopped, and it was possible to talk without any trouble. I said to the pilot:—

'Go left. I know a river-beach there that's just right.'

Malyugin said: 'All right.' But every once in a while he'd look back at me anxiously. I couldn't help laughing at him. His fears seemed so absurd. Never before had I had such a calm, easy time of it. Evidently the noiseless flight of the glider is soothing to the nerves. We came to the beach. I said: 'Let's go!'

It was like jumping down from a chair.

The speed at which a ship is going affects the opening of the parachute. The glider does not go fast enough. In order to gather speed, you have to delay a bit; then the parachute will open as it should. Malyugin told me later that I forgot to tell him that I would delay opening and he was scared to death. When you look down from a glider which is moving slowly, it looks as if the parachute jumper is already close to the ground. He told the comrades later:—

'First she sits there and laughs. Next thing I know, she's gone. I look down and see her falling, falling, and the parachute isn't open! I look again and she is still falling. The third time I looked, the parachute opened. It was like a load falling off my chest . . . .'

People say I am courageous. Perhaps. I know I never was afraid of anything. I never minded going home late all by myself. And I used to swim out as far as I could. But now they call me a dare-devil. Well, that is nonsense. The more you learn about parachute jumping, the more you see that there is nothing wonderful about it. The main thing is accuracy and self-control.

[*On March 26, 1936, Lyubov Berlin was instantly killed when, after a delayed jump, her parachute failed to open in time.* EDITOR.]

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LETTERS AND THE ARTS

The Age of Symbolism

LET this year be underscored as the fiftieth anniversary of the symbolist movement. For it was in the year 1886 that the French poet Jean Moréas, in an article in the *Figaro*, proposed that the term 'symbolism' be applied to a tendency which, up to that time, had passed under the name of 'decadence.' His argument was, as a matter of fact, simply a matter of taking the bull by the horns. The word 'decadent' had a negative value, implying at once the decline of a former tradition and the surrender to that premise. The early Verlaine, for instance, when he said: 'I am the Empire at the end of its decadence,' merely voiced the skeptic resignation of Renan and found both his subject and his absolute therein. So with the other spirits of that particular epoch, who, because they were bred on a proposition which had ceased to have reality, nurtured the only consolation which it was possible to have on the same terms—namely, sentimental moaning. Taking what shreds of glory were still there, they wove them into sharp and voluptuous, but ineffectual and hopeless, patterns.

It was at this point that Moréas, hurdling into the breach, took up the most salient characteristics of the decadents and endowed them with the dignity of values. Replying to Paul Bourde, who had reviled the tendency from the hard-headed columns of the *Temps*, Moréas declared for the achievements of the group at the same time that he attacked the sterility of both the realists and the Parnassians, then at their apogee. Setting aside the term 'decadent' as a willful designation of inferiority, he pleaded for the name 'symbolism' as the truest standard of the poets. For under this banner, with its greatest accent on the impersonal æsthetic consideration, the artists could realize themselves regardless of the burden of past sins and glories. In other words, whereas under any other colors they were harnessed to the yoke of conditioned judgment,—and therefore destined to inferiority,—as symbolists they could be free.

Thus, presented with a package of negative values suddenly turned positive, the new school of symbolist poets arose. Yet what were these new positive values? In the first place, the realists were bound to nature, to society. To which the symbolists replied: 'Our subject is ourselves, and we are concerned only with our art.' The Parnassians were bound to form. To which the symbolists said: 'There is no form, except as we choose to create it.' All literature had heretofore been dependent upon subject, *i.e.* subject-matter. To which the symbolists countered: 'A work of art is its own subject, lives of itself and should be approached only on these terms.'

What, then, guided, or could guide, this new school? The answer is: self. Taking it for granted that only the true artist dared enter the province of true art, the symbolists let each man be a law unto himself.

The question then presents itself: what was the symbolist conception of the artist? Edmund Wilson, in his study of symbolism, selected Villiers de l'Isle-Adam's Axel as the archetype of the symbolist hero and artist, a sort of transported Wagnerian character, who, at one juncture, says typically: 'Our dreams are so beautiful! Why realize them?' This worldly renunciation, in favor not of heavenly bliss but of sensual reward in terms of words, rhythms, new forms, new revelations in the depths of the subconscious ego—such was the material and occupation of the symbolist poet, and his sole desideratum.

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Had this movement, such as it was, expired at birth, there would be no object today in commemorating its anniversary. But no such ignoble destiny awaited this bright and kicking baby. On the contrary the symbolist movement not only thrived and flowered in its younger days, but effected a sort of rebirth after the War under the names of dadaism, surrealism, etc., etc.

And its influence on other arts was sweeping and tremendous. Because of its repudiation of traditional forms, and the deference paid to those forms, it altered the whole conception of the work of art and the task of the artist toward his work. The entire post-impressionist movement in painting, for instance, the urge toward the abstract known as cubism, is directly derivative, on its ideological (literary) side, of symbolism. Likewise, the modern movement in music, commencing with Debussy, and continuing through a composer like Schönberg (for whom the subject of music is his own music itself, worked out according to its own conditions), is a counterpart of the same general tendency. Examples, in fact, may be drawn from every phase of the arts during the past fifty years, to say nothing of the revolution wrought in pure literature by such authors as Mallarmé, Joyce, Cocteau, and among Americans Stein and T. S. Eliot.

And despite hasty assertions to the contrary the symbolist movement is still with us today. There has, to be sure, as André Gide predicted fully ten years ago, been recently a violent return to nature. Practitioners in all the arts have, under the stress of economic and social forces, felt the urgency of the subject, the press of 'life' against the portals of 'art.' Yet at the same time that they violate the symbolist creed of the irreconcilability of the real and artistic worlds, they are true children of the symbolist revolt in numerous respects.

Take the matter of the great technical revisions in form which have occurred within living memory. When a contemporary painter or poet presents us with his work, it is no longer relevant that the production be classified either according to its subject or according to its tangible pattern. It is, of course, possible to classify, but not so much in our time according to externals as according to the tradition of approach. And if the approach is governed—as it seems to be today—not by extrinsic formulae but by organic rhythm, with the result that the finished work of art takes on a form conditioned by its angle of conception,—then the producing artist has the symbolists to thank for his success, no matter how emphatically he personally may deny any residence whatever within the ivory tower.

So, in desiring to fête the year 1936, conscientious artists are also, in a manner of speaking, desirous of reassuring themselves. There is, in fact, something rather comforting to a man in the belief that he proceeds logically from a valid tradition. And thus it is a question, now, of returning to origins, reëxamining them, and discovering what progress has been made on the black side of the ledger. In this attitude, indeed, a group of writers in Paris have constituted themselves into a committee to commemorate, fittingly, the fiftieth year of life of a baby now grown into a great big man, perhaps the only truly international gentleman (and I think he is entitled to the noun) now alive.

—Paul Schofield

Films Abroad

In the commercial film, the greatest national advance seems to have occurred in England. Until recently, in fact, British pictures were all but impossible, at least to any non-Britisher. Acting was poor, story local at best, and the whole movement was as tedious in pattern as the late Victorian novel. But as if these defects were not alone a sufficient doom, photography was consistently so bad that it was painful even to look at the pictures.

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Several years ago, however, somebody injected a shot of digitalis. Perhaps capital was found. Perhaps even the British public was aroused. At any event British cinema suddenly blossomed forth with a vitality that was all the more amazing because so unexpected. Laughton appeared in *Henry VIII.* The tone was worldly, performance superb, tempo excellent and photography, above all, flawless. The picture was successful and deserved to be. But most important was that a standard had been set and henceforth people would expect things from the British studios.

Alexander Korda is of course Hollywood, hardly more and never less. But the Hollywood technique, in spite of all that may be said against the product, *is* something. Russia may be more interested in the social document, all but absent in the American film. The American film, however, has it all over the average Russian picture in the matter of rhythm, pace, tempo, as the play with movement is called. And it is precisely this same kind of pace, essentially of the cinema as distinguished from the stage, that Korda has adapted to the British picture. The material may be, and usually is, grotesquely unreal; but the manner of handling it is the *something* that the world must reckon with.

In view of Korda's stimulant, therefore, it is amusing and also a little bewildering to read this from Alistair Cooke, movie reviewer of the *Listener*, London weekly: 'It has been a constant grumble of mine that British [*sic*] films have always done one of three things: that they stayed indoors and tried to present an English newspaper office not as it is but as it might be if it were run by Clark Gable and Lee Tracy; or that they went outdoors and took charming, wistful stills of bridges and running brooks—and called it England; or that they went both indoors and out, sometime in the seventeenth century, and gave a clear romantic picture of the Hungarian view of English history: cardboard castles, a great deal of filtered cloud, a kingly wink or two, mention of the "wenches," and bustling, patriotic laughter in the kitchens, where the lambs—the lambs of Old England—were being slaughtered.' Then, after this is laid down, Mr. Cooke goes on to laud two recent English pictures, *The Clairvoyant*, and *Turn of the Tide*, 'full of English faces and English voices.'

It is not, obviously, my intention to underestimate the quality of the English face and the English voice in an English picture. The more the merrier, in fact, and let English pictures be full to the brim of English things. The point, however, is the same that is made to aspirant writers: you can't write about boring people boringly. If there is a rhythm to English faces and voices and things, as of course there is, let this rhythm be brought out, let it be emphasized and selected and encouraged so that it becomes the rhythm of the whole picture, as pictures are capable of conveying rhythms. Korda may merely have imported a pulse that is essentially American. But at least he sent the English scurrying about looking for one of their own.

As for movies elsewhere, I find little significant development within the last couple of years. Germany, whose F. W. Murnau brought the silent picture to its final perfection in *The Last Laugh*, has now become completely silent itself. And much the same may be said of Italy, whose film production under Mussolini amounts to nothing in the international market.

Russia and France remain. In the former country a standard was set many years ago. Eisenstein's *Potemkin* was, and remains, a high-water mark in the entire Russian output. For action suited to story, for continuity and unity, for singleness of effect, it is perhaps the most nearly perfect movie that was ever made. Since that time, however, Soviet films have had their ups and downs. Another high was again reached about five years ago with *The*

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Road to Life, but since then, with several exceptions, their pictures have too often erred in the direction of over-decoration where there should have been movement in terms of character, idea, substance. The exceptions, although hardly in the same class with the above-mentioned, are *Chapayev* and *We Are From Kronstadt*. The latter, incidentally, is in many respects an effort to reproduce the success of *Potemkin via* the formula. Also, and quite apart from anything else, *Gulliver* should be noted as a curiously successful example of what can be done with puppets in films.

France and the world generally found in René Clair a director of genuine talent. Here was something new, a personality, a charm, a real distinction. But, what was infinitely more, these qualities were conveyed through a subtle mastery of the whole technique of the film, from the initial casting down to the last fadeout. The successes, and they were real successes in that even the intellectuals were pleased, began with *The Italian Straw Hat* (1928) and are not over yet, since the recent *The Ghost Goes West*, although produced by Korda in England, bore the finest Clair stamp.

I speak of Clair here because, compared to his pictures, the rest of the French output lacks either the imprint of a personality or, on the other hand, a distinctive spirit of its own. Which is not to say that competent pictures have not been made. *Poil de Carotte*, for instance, a few years back, was a simple pathetic tale extremely well done.

This year, however, I have seen only one French picture of indisputable high merit: *Maria Chapdelaine*. The story, as all fine stories should be, is plain. But here the camera was taken out of doors, in the north country of Quebec specifically, and the results in photography are superb. Against this powerful visual background, then, the tale unfolds, the story of the well-known novel. Plenty of sobs—if you will. But the quality of the picture is so obvious that many, I feel, neglected to reason why. I therefore propose. First, it stuck religiously to the folk. Second, it avoided those strokes of theater which mar the American adaptations. And lastly, it used nature not to melodramatize the story, but to explain the characters. These three characteristics, not to mention more, made *Maria Chapdelaine*, if not an epoch-maker, at least a first-rate piece of work.

P. S.

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BOOKS ABROAD

Through Pink Glasses Darkly

The Rise of European Liberalism. *By Harold J. Laski. London: George Allen and Unwin. 1936.*

(Keith Feiling in the *Observer*, London)

PRIVATE WILLIS, that robust exponent of liberalism, admitted not only that he 'was an intellectual chap,' but that 'he thought of things that would astonish you.'

To what is astonishing in this book we shall come later. First let it be said that it is in artistry a model; fertile in idea, sincere and often eloquent in expression, a solid stretch of fine political prose. On the other hand it is excessively allusive, sparkling with familiar allusion to personages of whom most of us have never heard; while its reasonableness clothes a hard, dogmatic core—so much so that when, as very frequently happens, Professor Laski repeats 'it is hardly too much to say,' one can be tolerably certain that it is too much by half.

His title is a little delusive, for his material is almost wholly taken from England and France, nor is he so much interested in the birth of liberalism as in seeing that it is given speedy death and decent burial. He has had his predecessors: in Catholics who have dated from the Reformation the end of a balanced society, in democrats who have seen in Protestantism a creed only for the rich, in Tories who trace back to the Puritan the destruction of the State. He has absorbed them all, from the Levelers and the French Leaguers to Marx, to Max Weber or the critics of the American Supreme Court.

Meaning by liberalism not just a party scheme but a social dialectic, a continuous epoch of the human mind, he has convinced himself that it deserved to die, and that its doom was written in its beginning.

'What produced liberalism was the emergence of a new economic society at the end of the Middle Ages;' as a doctrine it was 'a by-product of the effort of the middle class to win its place in the sun;' 'it was connected, in an inescapable way, with the ownership of property.' First striking down the Church whose august shadow lay across its path, in the seventeenth century this middle class began to depose the State, its old partner, and in the eighteenth converted its universal principle into a particular armor for those with great possessions. Not general well-being, but the individual's material wealth increasingly swayed the rulers of every progressive State from Elizabeth to the great War. To secure their result, they brandished the name of 'liberty,' devised the philosophy of the contract, turned Christianity itself into a police constable, swept away all restrictions of birth or creed. Toleration was thus but a secondary product of their business sense, while their 'liberty' was restricted to those with property to defend.

'England in the seventeenth century is the triumph of bourgeois virtue.' As the next wore on, utility became a religion, success a gospel, and 'the nexus between master and man is purely economic.' Though the bourgeois was himself free, it was 'a necessary outcome' of economic liberalism to rivet chains upon the worker; for, 'given the nature of the liberal State, all questions had ultimately to be referred to the essential motive upon which the liberal State was built—the motive of profit making.' And therefore it must fall —'prisoner of the end it had been destined to serve,' and blind to the truth that its principle was moribund.

So, after many flashes of illustration from great and obscure names, ends the

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argument, on a somber note of 'a long period of winter,' with only the vaguest glimmer of a future spring. Whoever reads may well feel its power, even if unable to admit either premises or conclusion.

It is not the historian's duty, yet, to discuss Professor Laski's reading of our own day; whether the disputable view that Italian Fascism was brought about by the owners of economic power, or the claim that taxable capacity has been exhausted under the profit-making system —that is, if compared with any other. Nor need he show any jealous ardor to defend the social outlook of Cobdenites or Utilitarians.

Very different must his reflections be upon the method whereby Professor Laski has huddled four centuries into one narrow bed, stretching their limbs at will, walling them off from what has gone before. So Hooker must be made almost wholly rational and utilitarian; gone are the first four centuries, sunk is the *orbis terrarum*. As for Burke, 'the central clue' to his anti-democracy lies in his economic teaching. No sense of a relation between property and power enlightened the democrats who clamored for Parliamentary reform and attacked sinecures. Cromwell headed a 'middle-class rebellion' against the Stuarts; the class which included half the Peerage and the Colonel Prides. It was on the question of property that Presbyterians and Independents fell asunder, and the Restoration was 'a combination of men of property in all classes against a social revolution which they vaguely felt to be threatening.' Again, the spoil of the monasteries did nothing for the common welfare; dare we mention the British Navy and six bishoprics? Elizabeth's Government aimed no longer at 'the good life but the attainment of wealth.'

DESPITE, then, separate passages of excellent analysis, the theme, as a whole, has involved conclusions which are at conflict with all the evidence, short-circuitings, inversions, paradoxes. We read, for instance, that the liberal State 'accepted, after a century and a half of bitter struggle, the economic necessity of religious toleration;' was it, indeed, the hard-faced business man who asked that boon? Or that the bourgeoisie adapted 'first religion, then culture to its purposes—the State was the last of its conquests;' a curious order for an unspiritual tribe, and one which Elizabethan burgesses would have hardly endorsed.

If neither religion nor race, neither nationality nor law existed, there would be much to be said for the thesis, but they will keep breaking in. Professor Laski himself admits 'a grave anachronism' in Weber and his disciples, who have identified the triumph of capitalism with the arrival of the Protestants. But he refutes them by emptying the liberal philosophy of any real religious content.

But was the ethic of private property the origin and the continuous motive of liberalism? Surely not, whether we take that word in its narrow or a broader sense, and we do history wrong, being so majestical, to depict it as an unending means test. Those who first resisted the new State did so in the name of the spirit; their successors continued to resist in the name of law.

And here emerges the fallacy of cutting history into economic categories. For to derive liberalism, in any sense, simply from Renaissance and Reformation is to cut its genealogy in half, to cut off the medieval Church and the medieval law, which had accepted, under different sanctions doubtless, and continued to protect, the rights of all owners of the means of production. What but property explains the intense individualism at the heart of the medieval village, or what else the history of medieval Flanders? 'Take but degree away,' and you can cut your history what lengths you like. Individualism, of course, there was implicit in liberalism, but, as a motive, neither isolated nor

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unique. What 'bourgeois virtue' cannot be found in the Old Testament; what private property had to do with liberalism in Spain; how monasteries survived in hundreds in the France of Voltaire; or what is the fate of minorities when property disappears—such questions and a thousand like them leap to the eye, defying Professor Laski's strait formula.

A last plea. Could he not use his great influence to banish the word 'tempo' from our political language, to drive the thing into a corner and hit it on its horrid head until it dies?

[*Harold Laski's* The Rise of European Liberalism *will be published in the United States by Harper and Brothers, New York.*]

The New Céline

Mort à Credit. *By Louis Ferdinand Céline. Paris: Denoël et Steele. 1936.*

(Ramon Fernandez in *Marianne*, Paris)

IF THE critic had the right to imitate the style of the author he is reviewing, I should take this occasion to cry: 'There's a chap for you, this Céline! He's a hot number, Ferdinand is!' Then I should immodestly try to keep this imitation up to the end of the article; and I should be wrong. Nothing seems easier than Mr. Céline's style: but actually nothing is harder, for its effects are achieved through a sort of incantation, a state of mental agitation and improvization somewhat similar to that of a whirling dervish. In short I hold that Mr. Céline's style is one of the most significant of our times, and the proof that it is a true style and not a veneer of affectation lies in the fact that one could not analyze it clearly except by analyzing the author's trend of thought.

But first of all I ought to say something about the subject of *Death on Credit*. To tell the truth, it is a universal subject, or rather it is the universe as seen in one man's mind—and not a commonplace mind at that. In his *Voyage au Bout de la Nuit*, Mr. Céline displayed a certain amount of timidity. He remained half-concealed behind his hero, Bardamu, who was in a way his astral body. In *Death on Credit* everything leads one to believe that the author is telling his own story, that he is bequeathing his own memories to posterity. But these memories, if I may say so, are symbolic. Bardamu, become Ferdinand,—little Ferdinand,—is presented to us as a true Parisian brat, a brat whose pious papa leads him by the hand, while his mama cries after him, 'Mind your pants!' It is the sort of brat Poulbot would paint if Poulbot had no pity: a sullen, mangy, jostled brat who goes through life as if in a runaway bus, a child constantly cuffed around without ever really knowing why.

This brat lives with his parents on the Bérésinas Road—another 'End of the Night;' a sort of cesspool where a small group of petit-bourgeois shopkeepers stagnates—the sort who work hard to better themselves, have had some education, and still have some self-respect. Ferdinand's father is employed in an insurance company, while his mother keeps an antique shop—a moth-eaten combination of a stationery store and the Flea Market. Need I describe the verve with which all this is depicted, or the various episodes which confirm my opinion (expressed three years ago in this same column) that Céline is the only genuine picaresque writer of our times?

I must say that the first impression the book makes is quite dreadful and disgusting. Made confident by his great success, Mr. Céline throws himself wholeheartedly into obscenity. He succeeds in investing every word of every sentence with an odor the nature of which you can readily guess. When I think that Zola, poor Zola, used to be called nauseating! Why, by the side of Céline Zola is nothing but a Madame de Ségur! He smells of orange blossoms!

But this is only the first impression. Soon one comes to understand that this

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license is part of a subtle artifice; that it is in reality the most intelligent use of the realistic and naturalistic method. Instead of approaching the worst, the hidden, the 'hard to express,' with a prudent 'by your leave,' as the naturalists of the past used to do, Mr. Céline, on the contrary, is sustained by this forbidden stuff. The full contents of the slop-pail is emptied in your face—all is said at the very beginning. After a few pages, one finally gets the rhythm and falls under the spell of the incantation-like style, and one becomes oblivious to the shocking words and hears only the tones in which they are said. And what tones!

'That is why I regret the fact that Mr. Céline's publishers have left blank spaces in the body of the text for certain words and phrases which they decided were likely to prove particularly offensive to the reader. But either one is offended once and for all or else one is not offended at all! Either one reads to the end or one closes the book! These unfortunate blank spaces remind one of the prudish books which used to be given to young ladies. Mr. Céline's readers deserve better than that.

MR. CÉLINE'S method consists of letting himself be carried by, or, as he puts it, 'riding,' creative impetus to the point of semi-delirium, when a vision bursts upon him, and the words sear the paper. Sometimes he is successful; sometimes the exaltation degenerates, and then the vision digresses into a laborious sort of literary fantasy which scarcely holds one's attention.

But mostly he succeeds. One cannot describe everything, but I recommend almost at random the marvelous account of the crossing of the Manche—a burlesque, fantastic symphony of sea-sickness, with details. Here the author blossoms out royally, reaching Rabelaisian heights. There is also a first-class description of Ferdinand's father's homicidal rage when, to stop himself from killing a hateful neighbor, he locks himself into the cellar and shoots at the barrels. But there are also pages which are strangely touching and grave, notably the scene where the author's grandmother dies:—

'Something rasped at the back of her throat . . . It wouldn't stop . . . All the same she managed to do it . . . In the softest possible voice . . . 'Work hard, my little Ferdinand,' she whispered . . . I was not afraid of her . . . Deep down, we understood one another . . . And then . . . Well, after all, I have worked hard . . . And it's nobody's business.'

Compare this scene with the death of Marcel Proust's grandmother, and judge for yourself which of them has the more delicacy, tenderness and humanity.

For you can never put your finger on this Ferdinand. At the very moment when you are ready to accept him as a lost child, an anarchist spewing out his hatred for the 'well-to-do,' you perceive behind this façade something serious and steadfast —a sort of wisdom—befouled, terrible, but still wisdom. Doubtless what he tells us is this: 'True bitterness comes from youth submerged, defenseless.' But he possesses something stronger than that bitterness: a taste for work well done, and for truth.

A German Family Chronicle

THEODOR CHINDLER: ROMAN EINER DEUTSCHEN FAMILIE. *By Bernard von Brentano. Zurich: Verlag Oprecht. 1936.*

(Armin Kesser in the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, Zurich)

WE CANNOT begrudge the German émigré writers the use they make of the ancient right of poets to 'go where fancy dictates.' They grew up with the idea of a super-national realm of the human spirit firmly fixed in their minds. Many of them are inclined to roam through the wide past, and to sit down at strange tables, there to seek the effectiveness they have lost at home. It is here that the historical novel, the search for reasons

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to explain one's own defeat, belongs. Strangely enough there is a corresponding movement on the other side: the same methods of historical analogy and portraiture which some of the émigrés find necessary for the unmasking and critical illumination of contemporary events—these same methods in the lands of dictatorship serve to legitimize and confirm the new statehood, to clothe it in an adequate costume. Perhaps this is the time to discuss anew the problems of history. Where does the truth lie, and what do the historical trends of our epoch mean?

The significant work here reviewed deserves to be called a 'historical novel' only in a limited sense. Like many other émigré writers, its author seems to have asked himself the questions: What happened to my fatherland? What hit me? Where did it come from? He has not found the answer in the remote and colorful past, but has fixed his gaze on a point from which one would like to look away: the scene of defeat, Germany. Brentano has written a novel about a Catholic deputy who, in the confused times from the outbreak of the War to the November revolution, attains a Ministerial post in a south German State. The description evolves from a simple human relationship, that of parents to their children, from marital strife, from the attitude of brothers and sisters to each other.

As the scene constantly expands, larger and larger human groups come into play: politicians and soldiers, barrack youths in the school and at the front, desperate petty bourgeois, and the disturbed masses of the great city. What is isolated and private is, as it were, extended, by means of an extraordinarily artful method, into a lever with which the author mobilizes the entire nation.

Theodor Chindler is a politician of south German Catholic stamp, inwardly complex, shrewd and sharp in his criticism of conditions which seemingly lie beyond his power. In matters of faith, however, and Catholic party interests, he is humble, pliable and inclined to submission. In him Brentano has created the classic type of the German in opposition. Chindler's wavering figure personifies an ever-present factor in Germany history—albeit a negative one; the thin ice of dictatorship must not deceive us: the type reappears wherever the strength of the individual is set against prevailing stupidity, with its imposing machinery. This man is chained to a woman whom he now hates, now admires for her stubbornness and slyness. Elizabeth Chindler fulfils,—not to say 'celebrates,'—with the tenacity of instinct, her necessary part in her husband's political career; for she is the devout head of the family, annointed with the oil of ancient ecclesiastical wisdom. It must have required the most intimate knowledge of Catholic domesticity to portray such a figure, and it is difficult to find in recent literature a similarly plastic portrayal of a wife and mother. At some distance there follow the Chindlers of the second generation: the sons Ernst and Karl, and Leopold, the youngest; Margaret, and the daughter-in-law Lilli Chindler.

THE general events which change the structure of the nation reach into the private destinies of these people and attack the old order as though by acid. Love teaches Margaret how to think. She becomes involved in the revolutionary struggles that preceded the November uprising, is arrested and placed in solitary confinement, and brings strife and trouble to the house of Chindler. The fight for her liberation, the inhuman and yet socially correct attitude of mother toward daughter ('Once you start slipping, there's no stopping.')—these go to make up one of the boldest and most exciting chapters in the book.

Among the younger set it is especially Lilli Chindler who attracts us. The author has endowed her with all the advantages of wealth, beauty and intelligence. She has a way of giving voice to frightening

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thoughts, leaving others to take the consequences. Here is something we have long wished for—the picture of a woman as the complement of the demoralized male. Seen through ordinary bourgeois eyes Lilli Chindler is a charming libertine. But seen from the psychological aspect she is more; here is a personality which is in constant flux; she belongs to those who 'spin out' the times.

But we must not forget the other figures in the book: the thoughtful Ernst Chindler, who, ground down by the War and unable to choose between two schemes of disorder, seeks in vain to regain the old-fashioned honor his wife's adultery has shattered; Koch, the revolutionary, and the least successful of the author's characterizations because he is made the interpreter of events, the man with the pointer. How lovable and German in the best sense Ernst Chindler's friend von der Mahrwitz appears!

THERE were good reasons why a person of poetic and political temperament like Brentano should have written a German novel. His extensive knowledge of the country and its history enables him to make a for the most part successful combination of the historical and imaginary. This 'family novel' not only gives the personal history of a group of people connected by family ties; its perspective broadens toward the political side. The book is separated from *Buddenbrooks* by a generation. In the interim the methods of the social sciences have influenced and changed the form of the novel, setting it off from the 'naturalistic chronicle.'

Brentano has not always succeeded perfectly in fusing into an artistic unit the lives of his characters and the events of history. One example where complete success has been achieved is the description of the Battle of the Champagne. On the French side two troop columns meet at an acute angle, congest the crossroads, hinder their own advance, and thus enable the Germans to check the offensive. 'There were too many. That's why the attack didn't succeed,' Ernst Chindler says of the event. 'Had there been fewer, the French would have overrun our batteries in ten minutes. What is the conclusion? Man in the mass is of no value unless he has enough room to remain an individual.'

The epic structure of the novel displays weaknesses whenever the author's creative abilities prove inadequate to express his political energy. We might call it 'epic impatience' when, toward the end, factual reports and journalistic reflections take the place of calm, sovereign presentation. The generals, politicians and bishops, Falkenhayn, Hertling and Rathenau, are not seen from the perspective of the obedient subject, nor through the eye of the opposition, dissatisfied on principle; they are presented, evaluated and criticized as citizens and servants of the people. This attitude alone would distinguish the novel from all the other quasi-sociological products of the young (and mostly Left) German literature.

Is the book, then, a pessimistic one? I should like to deny this, for the judgment is one which springs from an inflated idea of what is humanly attainable. With this novel Brentano has done much to characterize contemporary conditions, namely by showing their roots in the past. His criticism of the German military dictatorship, of the terror imposed by political party leadership, points in the direction from which there later came so much that was bad and so much that was difficult to understand.

A final word on Brentano's language, which is clear and full of passionate simplicity—a simplicity and transparency which tolerate neither phrases nor sentimentality. Thus the few images the author uses are much more out of place than they would be were the language more lyrical. Brentano's book puts tradition on trial, and Germany as well. Morally and nationally it is an accomplishment of immeasurable strength.

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Mr. Garnett Places A Bet

A House of Women. *By H. E. Bates. London: Cape. 1936.*

(David Garnett in the *New Statesman and Nation*, London)

I REMEMBER as a child reading of some occasion when a bookmaker was torn to pieces by an angry crowd and when other bookmakers were taken into custody by the police, and though I believed that a bookmaker was the same thing as a publisher, I was not very much surprised. From what I had heard drop from my father's lips about publishers, they probably deserved all they got. To be sure I could not imagine my father's extremely respectable employers, Mr. Gerald Duckworth and Mr. Milsted, in any such predicament, but I had always been told that they were exceptions to the general rule. The distinction between betting on horses and publishing books was afterwards explained, but, owing to my first mistake, the two trades still remain associated in my mind. I know that really they are unconnected, yet I still unconsciously tend to couple them together and to think of each trade in the terms of the other.

In one particular branch, however, I have come to realize a very great distinction. The reviewer and the racing tipster, though they both make a pretense of using exceptional gifts to fulfil the same function, now serve opposite ends. The tipster pretends to tell you which is the best horse and which will win; the reviewer gets his reputation for intelligence and brilliance by pointing out the incurable defects of the gee-gees that 'also ran.'

We all like to make merry at the expense of some booby who has written a bad book. There is no simple pleasure to be got from being told a book is good and that one ought to read it. And to be told that an author is very good indeed, that one would do well to read all his books, is a very serious matter. Before even listening to such advice the reader seeks for a way out. He purses up his lips, shakes his head and taps his forehead and says to himself: 'This Johnny is always talking about masterpieces and works of art. Rather unbalanced, poor fellow. He has no judgment at all.'

A HOUSE OF WOMEN, by H. E. Bates, is the best novel that he has so far written; indeed it is the first of his novels which I should rank as a finished work of art above the best of his short stories. This means that it is very good indeed: a novel of the very front rank, which one will be sure to reread in ten and again perhaps in twenty years' time. Bates is a prolific writer who writes easily; sometimes too easily; and many of his sketches, like many of Chekhov's, are quite trivial. He has also an astonishingly sensitive ear for the style of other men. In his best stories, an echo of Turgenev, Chekhov, Tolstoi, Stephen Crane, or even of Waley's *Translations from the Chinese* has frequently sounded, as though a ghostly presence had passed like a breath of wind, ruffling the midland cornfields and the waters of the Nene. The effect is as though you had asked at the dairy door for a glass of milk warm from the cow, and the farmer's daughter had suddenly revealed by a stray word that she had just been reading *Kubla Khan*. It gives one a thrill of shared pleasure and of intimate understanding.

Such sensibility to the work of others is a distinguishing mark of the true artist in his youth. Every great painter, or great poet, reveals, I think, in his early work the influence, not of a formulated tradition, but of the ever-sounding voices of the dead painters and poets who first showed him the

> *bow or brooch or braid or brace, lace latch or catch or key to keep*
> *Back beauty, keep it, beauty, beauty, beauty . . . from vanishing away.*

The secret which, if we do not believe in a miraculous *Golden Echo*, belongs only to poets and artists.

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An intense feeling for natural beauty, for every blade of grass and every sound in the dew-soaked May morning, for the enchanted dreams of childhood, was the feature of Bates's early work. It was saturated with impressions, and the reader sometimes felt as though he were looking at things through a quivering mirage: there was a difficulty about keeping them in focus. This fault (together with many others) showed itself in Bates's first book, *The Two Sisters*, and it persisted in that vastly better novel, *Catharine Foster*, and in stories like *The Woman Who Had Imagination*, though there is perfect solidity about the whole setting of that story.

In *Charlotte's Row*, Bates showed a harder, more realistic side. He was writing not of the emotions of youth but of his home town, without softening or idealizing anything. But just because of that he was ill at ease with his subject; he longed to get away from his characters as he himself had always longed to get out of the streets into woods and cornfields that hang over the valley of bootmakers. In *The Mill* (a story in the best volume of his stories, *Cut and Come Again*) every trace of hampering adolescent hypersensibility had vanished. The story is clear, peculiarly grim and horrible, but without a single touch of exaggeration, or of love of the horrible. It is one of the great short stories in English. The same grimness, the same perfectly clear focusing and the same absence of exaggeration mark *A House of Women*.

The setting of the novel has a good deal in common with *The Fallow Land* and *The Poacher*, but in clarity and grimness it is more like *The Mill*. Fine as those novels were, the advance here is enormous. What I think has happened is this. Most novelists write partly from memory and partly from imagination, and Bates is a writer whose memory is particularly richly stocked with impressions of childhood. In his earlier novels he has taken remembered characters and woven them into a story full of new situations. But they were always liable to reveal the fact of their transplantation; at certain moments, even, they somehow 'slipped' and unity was destroyed.

Something of this kind I remember happened in *The Poacher*. There was a sort of timelessness, a feeling that however long the characters lived they never changed the year in which they were living, or the superficial habits of their lives, which was because all the characters were taken from Bates's memories of real people when he was a boy. In *A House of Women* Bates probably started with his memories also, but the characters have come alive in a quite different way. Instead of being inserted into the story, their development rules the book, and makes it what it is.

ROSIE PERKINS, the daughter of a scoundrelly old publican, takes charge of the book just as she takes charge of the farm after she has married Tom and as she runs it while he is away at the war and after he returns a cripple. The jealousy of Tom's family is told at the start:—

'Frankie rubbed his hand backwards and forwards, feeling the young moustache. It was growing nicely; the fine young hairs prickly as the new thorns on a raspberry cane. Tom had a good strong moustache, light brown, thickening. And looking from the sky to Tom, Frankie could see Tom caressing his moustache too, and a little flicker of jealousy went through him . . . when there were neither binders nor crops of barley nor anything else beyond their own world for them to envy, they were jealous of and among themselves, Frankie jealous of Tom's moustache, the girls jealous of each other, the mother jealous for each of them in turn against the other.'

Rosie gets the full force of it, and no wonder: she has a magnificent figure, an illegitimate child, and she says 'blimey' every time she opens her mouth. Tom's sisters and aged mother, growing childish,

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watch her every movement with the eternal, implacable hate of three starved cats watching a robust bull-terrier licking its chops. And she triumphs over them and survives them all. Even Tom can't kill her, though he comes too near doing it for the reader's comfort.

Incidentally a great part of the book is written in the exact language of the characters. *A House of Women* is a novel with the power and the solidity of writing of D. H. Lawrence at his best. In spite of these merits I venture to tip it as a winner.

Whitish Bard and Red Reviewer

La Fabrique des hommes nouveaux. *By Alia Rachmanova. Translated from German into French by H. Bloch. Paris: Plon. 1936.*

(Ilya Ehrenbourg in the *Literaturnaia Gazeta*, Moscow)

HERR ROSENBERG prays to the ancient German gods, drenched with beer and blood, gods of currycomb and axe. The Young Japanese pray to the gods of their ancestors, and, disappointed because they cannot rip ours, rip their own bellies. Old man Araki leads general prayers for travelers bound for Mongolia by land or sea. As for the Holy Father, he of course patronizes the Roman Catholic God.

All of them pray for the destruction of godless Moscow, and surely only inexcusable absentmindedness on the part of the gods can account for the fact that Moscow still exists and that the citizens of the Soviets are still able to talk about such irrelevant subjects as the raising of livestock.

The best educated of all the gods is the Roman Catholic one. His is an old reliable firm, without any fireworks, but dealing in tried and trusted wares: the Pope's slipper, indulgences, and the hard-earned wisdom of Jesuit fathers.

The Roman Catholic God's Vicar on this sinful earth, the sinless Holy Father, said to his cardinals: 'You've got to get to work, boys!' Accordingly a contest for the writing of the best anti-Bolshevist novel was announced. A literary jury was set up to read the manuscripts. It included the author of religious-detective stories, G. K. Chesterton, and the author of religious-fashionable novels, Henri Bordeaux. Other members of the jury were Baroness Handel-Mazzetti, Vicomte Henri Davignon, and the freshly-ordained Father Maklakov . . . 'father' by virtue of his clerical rank —in private life he is the son of a Tsarist Minister. This happy brigade looked through one hundred and nineteen masterpieces in various languages. One manuscript was written in Portuguese; *Père* Maklakov must have had the help of the Holy Spirit in reading *it*.

The Russian émigrés were greatly agitated. Of course every one of them is an idealist; but even idealists must live. The Holy Fathers promised not only salvation in the other world but also a goodly sum of money in cash to be given in this: 50, 20, and 10 thousand francs for the first, second, and third prizes respectively. Twenty-five Russian émigré shock workers went hopefully to work.

The jury gave the first prize to a certain Alia Rachmanova, who wrote a novel called *The Factory of New Men*. In congratulating the happy author recently, Cardinal Alfred Baudrillart called her 'a well known, almost a famous Russian authoress.' The word 'almost' is, of course, merely a sign of the Cardinal's modesty—for who has not heard of Alia? To be sure, Alia, who is a truly Russian writer, for some reason writes in German. Probably post-Revolution Russian has become irksome to her. Besides, look at the 'almost famous' Goebbels—he too writes his novels in German.

Paul the Apostle wrote: 'It is better to marry than to burn.' Unfortunately, the Holy Fathers are forbidden marriage. But there is no question that they burn. Indeed, the virtuous Alia's manuscript must have caused them much burning:

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there are two rapes in the first eight pages of the novel. The Chairman of the District Executive Committee, Comrade Vladimirov, attacks his secretary Tanya, and a band of Red Army soldiers attack her friend Nyurka. All this during the first Five Year Plan—a fact which does not prevent the soldiers from discussing the matter with both *kolkhozniks* and *nepmen*. Well, historical accuracy is not important. The important thing is that Alia accurately describes the sweet disorder of the young ladies' dress—knowing full well that not one Cardinal's heart will be able to withstand such a picture.

TANYA'S troubles begin when she sees the same dissolute band of 'Red Guardsmen' killing fish with stones. This strange sport causes her to lose all self-control. She cries: 'Stop, soldiers of the revolution! Why do you kill innocent little fish?' The 'Red Guardsmen' laugh shamelessly. Tanya forthwith goes to the District Executive Committee. There is a lot of noise there, as the cellars are chuck-full of martyrs groaning loudly. It is there that Vladimirov takes advantage of the opportunity afforded by the din to have his will with Tanya. As Alia Rachmanova enthusiastically writes: 'Her strength melted before his ardent look.'

Vladimirov has created a 'Factory of New Men:' a GPU colony. His life is not an easy one: for example, his housekeeper, Pasha, refuses to mend his socks, on the grounds of 'industrial overloading.' He himself is very busy. In the first place, he has to read Andreev's *Savva*, since it is the 'ABC of Communism!' (*sic!*) Then he must send to that cellar we have mentioned before a Communist, Petrenko, because the latter has named his daughter Mary instead of Bastille—obviously an indirect hint at the immaculate conception.

Vladimirov wants to marry Tanya. But, being of bourgeois origin, Tanya believes in God, and does not wish to be Vladimirov's bride. Suffering the tortures of the damned, Vladimirov goes to consult a gypsy by the name of Nastia. There he finds an ikon of St. Simeon. His own name is also Simeon. This mysterious coincidence causes him to indulge in various profound reflections on the Trinity.

In that same 'Factory of New Men' works a Dr. Krasnov, who preaches continence. These counter-revolutionary tendencies move a certain *Politruk* (political preceptor) to anger (he has been married seven times himself). The doctor is despatched to the fatal cellar. Another individual in the colony has outdone even the *Politruk*—he has been married twenty-three times. In spite of this fact, he is not invited to the oktiabrization (christening) of his own son, little Avanguard.

Cut back to Tanya: she has married Vladimirov, and is already listening to the 'stirrings of a tiny being in her womb.' The child is born. She calls him 'my dear little gray rabbit.' This greatly puzzles the Chairman of the Executive Committee, Vladimirov. He asks himself: 'Why a rabbit?' He consults a textbook of Marxist psychology, but finds no answer to the fatal question.

Vladimirov tells his wife that he is living with the woman tchekist Mironova: 'I am not a bourgeois and do not wish to hide anything from you.' Tanya slips him the biography of St. Simeon, his namesake. Vladimirov learns that this saint was once rich, but later divided all his earthly goods among widows and orphans. This information upsets all his scientific theories. He asks himself: can a bourgeois be an honest man? The book scatters all his doubts, telling him with praiseworthy accuracy that St. Simeon died on September 12, 1642.

In spite of these lofty reflections, Vladimirov still behaves like a hardened revolutionary. He commands his wife to change the bedclothes, as he expects a visit from Comrade Mironova. The wife meekly obeys, leaving the two together. At last Vladimirov sees the light of the Roman Catholic Church. Needless to say,

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the bad *Politruk*, who has just consummated his eighth marriage, immediately arrests him for this deviation from the party line.

I figure that Alia Rachmirova got 1,200 francs from the Holy Fathers for each description of the carnal act in her book. Not bad, considering the depression and the habitual close-fistedness of the Roman Catholic God.

It really is a shame. He has to mobilize against the Soviet Union not only the seraphic and cherubic hordes but also a little pet like our Alia. First they bombarded us with anathemas, then with philosophical treatises, and now with dirty stories. And Moscow still goes on!

Oh, Holy Father, Holy Father, you could have used your money to much better purpose!

Conversation Peace

Good Talk: A Study of the Art of Conversation. *By Esme Wingfield-Stratford. London: Lovat Dickson. 1936.*

(G. B. Stern in the *Sunday Times*, London)

I MUST ask pardon of Mr. Wingfield-Stratford for calling this 'Conversation Peace.' Rightly, he is intolerant of puns. Yet he has much to say of the grace and value of talk towards promoting a more peaceful civilization than the present; today, talk and war are still closely allied; and every dog understands 'only too well the remarks of his neighbor behind the palings, things that an Airedale and a gentleman can by no means pass over in silence.'

The author ransacks the ages to prove his point, from the ape-man first learning to make coherent sounds, through the Egypt of Ptah Hotep (whose name one vaguely associates with the wrong side of a bath-mat) and the Golden Age in Greece; through the Renaissance and the French salons; through the period when fox-hunting and the worship of muscle ruled in England, right down to the present Machine Age, when conversation is again in a bad way. For, he says, 'Good conversation is good manners made audible—another variation on the theme that talk is life.' And: 'This, then, is the first and indispensable requirement of the conversational art, that we get back to a right sense of values.' And a bold peroration: 'If, therefore, we cease to cultivate the gift of speech for its own sake, we have forfeited our human birthright of living well, and resigned ourselves to such an animal contentment with unadorned life as to constitute the great and final surrender, the declaration of human bankruptcy.'

He does not merely fling down these assertions; he surrounds them and props them up by every possible analogy and evidence from history and literature. Allusion clusters so thickly round his subject that we are reminded of the old port in the anecdote, which had been left so long in the cellar that the cask had rotted away and the port was found to be upheld in its own crust.

One conversationalist does not make a conversation; on the other hand, seven conversationalists can easily wreck it. If I have a criticism to make of Mr. Wingfield-Stratford's excellent book, I should say that he argues too little in praise of duologue (why is there no English for *tête-à-tête?*), which under favorable conditions reveals the art of conversation at its most perfect. These conditions are, primarily, that you should only have conversation with your peers. You have to be able to trust to the presence of mind (a literal requirement) in your companion; for you forfeit all pleasure in talk, if it degenerates into laborious and painfully tolerant explanation of what we had meant five minutes ago. (You can always recognize that you have neglected this important rule to keep to the company of your peers when later you hear one of your happier phrases, local to the topic and the moment, picked up and used in admiration and in the wrong place.)

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You cannot throw a remark into a stone-cold frying-pan, and then expect it to sizzle and dance and perform the same enchanting responses as little sausages flung into boiling fat. In more numerous company talk is in perpetual danger of being unlawfully annexed not by the wittiest, but by the most confident. We all know the strange depression that is apt to settle over the rest of us after the first forty minutes of listening to an eloquent monologue.

I should stress among further requisites for good conversation the mental flexibility of an acrobat and the power of a Russian ballerina to conquer the law of gravity. One of Jane Austen's heroines was reprimanded for showing too much optimism in her demands:—

"'My idea of good company, Mr. Elliot, is the company of clever, well-informed people who have a great deal of conversation.'

"'You are mistaken,' said he gently, 'that is not good company; that is the best.'"

The best of good company need not be a friend, but a good-tempered enemy (only temporarily an enemy), compounded in equal parts of the quality of steel and the quality of mercy. Then the fur flies; then the fun begins; the bracing snap in the air, the tingle, the joy in conflict; then your subconscious yields up treasure after treasure, requiring no audience, nor the aid of what Mr. Wingfield-Stratford calls 'Bacchus Lubricator.' Then will arise a joy which is too elusive to be transcribed on to the written page, too fugitive to be related afterwards with any enviable effect on those who have not been so lucky as to hear it. Most of us have suffered from the flatness of listening to complacent records of verbal victory punctuated with: 'So *I* said. . . . And then *he* said. . . . Well, so *then* I said. . . . I forget what he said to that, but when I said what I just told you I'd said, *he* had nothing to say at all!' Or, equally futile: 'Do you know, I said something rather good last week,' followed by a paralyzed silence after the 'something good' has been produced, dead, on a plate.

The author of *Good Talk* has much to say on the segregation of the sexes. Men, when alone, talk thus; women, when alone, thus; and mixed talk is a different matter again, like mixed bathing.

'Talk that is confined to one sex,' says Mr. Wingfield-Stratford, 'lacks the sympathetic intimacy that makes it fully creative. . . . There is an invisible armor that man puts on against man and woman against woman.'

The Athenians apparently solved the problem in a way that later centuries have made taboo; and even then did not quite solve it. The Victorians assumed as a matter of course that conversation among males was brutal, and among ladies left to themselves merely insipid; whereas mixed conversation was carefully adapted to suit whatever false conception the male may have had of female modesty, the female of male approbation of modesty. None of these inhibitions applies to men and women of the twentieth century.

Good conversation is essentially an adult accomplishment. Children brag and exaggerate: a race of little Cyranos, little d'Artagnans, little Munchausens. They must grow up before they can learn to converse with the light-hearted mellow touch of Touchstone: 'He uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and under the presentation of that, he shoots his wit.' Among adults, however, there are various schools of conversation, all admirable; the school of swift flashing repartee, and the school that fastidiously selects the exact moment for a passado and places it with precision; the school hardly able to speak for chuckling at its own humor (we are not amused by this school), and the opposite sadder school of Grimaldi, which sees nothing funny in Grimaldi. There is Talk Ruthless and Talk Chivalrous; Talk Mellifluous and Talk Suggestive; Talk Academic and Talk Anecdotal.

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There is also Talk Epigrammatic; but that, I have reason to know, is completely out of period; for in this vein I remarked recently: 'You were born with a mental reservation in your mouth instead of a silver spoon'—and joyfully my opponent carved my self-esteem into a thousand slices, by an interruption to the effect that round about 1908 (but not later than 1909) he had so abundantly littered a grateful country with just this type of epigram as to make quintuplets look silly.

We find ourselves warmly agreeing with Mr. Wingfield-Stratford in his criticisms, enlightened, succinct, of the conversation of various famous wits: of Whistler, 'He never talked to please, always to win;' of the adolescent 'quarterstaff work' of Benedick and Beatrice '. . . in the best private-school tradition;' of Dr. Johnson, 'the most unmannerly of his recorded outbursts were against what he resented as bad manners in other people;' of, deadliest of all, 'the great semi-literate majority of hard-riding, hard-drinking, and hard-swearing gentlemen whom Horace Walpole lumped together under the expressive name of Beefs.'

Mr. Wingfield-Stratford displays also a delightful sense of humor in his chapter on the Ape Man and on the Cave Bore, who, 'unless he happened to be as formidable physically as mentally, could hardly have avoided the outer silence of a prehistoric Coventry.' Of Taboos and the Greek Hetaira, of Jabberwocky and Euphuism he likewise has much to tell us. I do not recall that he mentions the wisdom and gaiety presented in dialogue form by Thomas Love Peacock, Hazlitt, or George Moore; and the writers of stylized but seemingly naturalistic dialogue: Saki, Evelyn Waugh, Noel Coward.

The true conversationalist should be unexpected and potential. He should magically inspire you to believe yourself an inspired person, and leave you in such exultant state of mind that, long after the lights are out and the guests have gone home, you cannot but continue, smiling a little, to make your points and invent their counterpoints. We hear too much conversation about books; it is a happy notion to have given us the opposite: a book about conversations, of which a copy should be placed in every Trappist monastery.

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OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

WE EUROPEANS: A SURVEY OF 'RACIAL' PROBLEMS. *By Julian Huxley and A. C. Haddon; with a contribution by A. M. Carr-Saunders. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1936. 246 pages. $2.50.*

BELIEF in purity of race, involving belief in the superiority of one race over another, has been a persistent delusion of mankind. Extraordinary as it may seem, the superstition has persisted in the face of accumulating scientific evidence to the contrary. If Americans feel themselves exempt from a prejudice which they see glaringly displayed in Nazi declarations of the Aryan purity of the German people, they should remember that a belief in the superiority of the Nordic stock in America over the Slavic, the Mediterranean, and the Negroid has long been an implicit attitude of our social life, and has received open sanction in the writings of Madison Grant and others. It lies behind the popular imperialist conception of the 'white man's burden' among English-speaking peoples.

Professors Huxley and Haddon have performed the valuable work of collecting and presenting in a clear popular form the vast amount of scientific research that has been done regarding this theory of racial purity. The simple truth is that no such thing as a pure race exists. The development of primitive man, as investigated by the anthropologists, the migrations of the early races, the biological laws of heredity, even the statistics showing the extent of illegitimacy at the present time—evidence from widely separated investigations unites to show that any given individual today is of a very mixed racial inheritance. According to Huxley and Haddon, the so-called racial divisions are generally statements of social and cultural differences, and, even so, more often of social ideals than social realities: the Teutonic race is defined by Hitler as tall, blond, slender, and manly; yet there is not a Nazi leader who conforms to all the qualifications.

Huxley and Haddon are nevertheless too honest as scientists to find nothing but error in the theory of racial distinctions. Obviously a Frenchman and an Englishman possess certain qualities that distinguish them alike from a Negro or an Oriental. The authors would therefore substitute for racial distinctions 'ethnic groups' based upon purely physical characteristics, with no implications of essential cultural or intellectual superiority. They say: 'We can thus distinguish three major groupings of mankind: (1) Black woolly hair, dark brown or black skin, and a broad nose. (2) Wavy or curly hair of any color from black to flaxen, dark brown to white skin, and typically a medium or narrow nose with usually a high bridge. (3) Straight lank dark hair, yellowish skin, nose with a tendency to be broad and low bridged.'

Huxley and Haddon find that the dark-skinned people usually have long heads and inhabit tropical climates; that the yellow-skinned usually have broad heads and inhabit the Orient; and that the light-skinned have medium heads and are found in the rest of the world. Then they add that their tables form only an approximation, since 'there is an enormous number of exceptions even to this primary arrangement, and there is a great deal of overlap of the classificatory characters.'

The conclusion can only be that primitive man has developed not into distinct races, but through them into mixtures of extraordinary intricacy. Any approach to his problems through blood or race becomes impractical and, for practical, social or political questions, delusive. Professors Huxley and Haddon have written the authoritative handbook for the lay reader who has an intellectual curiosity about the definition of 'race.'

—EDWIN BERRY BURGUM

MERCANTILISM. *By Eli F. Heckscher. Authorized translation by Mendel Shapiro. New York: Macmillan Company, 1935. 2 volumes: 472, 419 pages. $15.00.*

PROFESSOR HECKSCHER, a Swedish scholar, has written the leading history of mercantilism, which can be described simply as the state policy and economic doctrine that ruled in Europe during the period of the dominance of merchant capitalism. In short, it lies between the close of the Middle Ages and the dawn of modern industrial and finance capitalism. Wisely, the author has placed his

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emphasis upon the rôle of the state in clearing the way and unifying the opportunities for the rising middle class, so that his first volume traces in detail the methods employed in western European countries to further internal trade, advance industry and safeguard foreign commerce and business organization. Unfortunately for the American reader, the author fails to include a discussion of colonial policy, so that next to no explanation is afforded of the reasons for the American War of Independence.

The second volume is an elaborate presentation of mercantilism as economic doctrine, and those readers who know Adam Smith will find much here to interest them. The author follows the ramifications of the theory into many bypaths, avoiding, except for brief mention, the well-trodden road of monetary ideas. His discussions of mercantilism as a system of protection and as a conception of society are illuminating. Professor Heckscher is hostile to Marxism and therefore consciously avoids creating links between class forces and the employment of the state for the purpose of seizing and holding economic power. For this reason he fails to make clear the historical rôles of the English and French Revolutions. Nevertheless this is a vastly erudite book, and those who seek understanding of the principal political movements of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries will find that it throws light into many dark places.

—Louis M. Hacker

Under the Axe of Fascism. *By Gaetano Salvemini. New York: The Viking Press. 1936. 402 pages. $3.00.*

IN *The Fascist Dictatorship in Italy* (New York: Henry Holt and Company. 1927) Professor Salvemini gathered, before they were suppressed, all the documents concerning the political history of Fascism. The present volume, while a continuation of the first, deals mainly with the economic history of Fascism: the corporative State. The reader is amazed by the vast amount of first-hand documented information patiently collected, largely from Fascist sources. The author makes no statement without advancing the corroborating document; there is no hearsay to this method of writing history. He quotes Fascist legislation, Fascist historians, speeches and interviews for foreign consumption; he reports statements of Anglo-Saxon historians, prelates of the Church, educators and journalists in praise of the 'Paradise of class coöperation.'

But theirs are mere words and he is not satisfied with words; he is interested in concrete facts: What has the corporative State done to protect workers' rights? How far have wages been cut? Have employers respected labor contracts? What is the living standard of the Italian worker today as compared with the pre-Fascist and pre-corporative period? Whom have the Labor Court sentences benefited? Is class collaboration possible under the Fascist dictatorship? This is the most absorbing and amazing part of the study. Salvemini leaves no stone unturned; he wades through pay-bills, labor contracts, articles and letters to the editors of small town papers, statistics of all sorts and Fascist publications whose authors, not being humanly capable of lying consistently and unanimously, let gleams of truth filter through from time to time.

His findings disclose that class coöperation exists only in theory. Italian labor, under the corporative State, has been submitted to wage cuts of from 54 to 70 per cent, whereas in some industries dividends have soared as high as 500 per cent. Employees work from ten to fourteen hours a day, often without extra pay. In Lombardy, the richest Italian region, children are set to work before they are six years old; in the sulphur mines of Sicily children from eleven to fourteen years are employed. Always on the evidence of Fascist documents, the author debunks the 'battles' against unemployment, beggars, illiteracy, tuberculosis so completely that when the curtain is entirely raised on the corporative State, the reader finds himself before an empty stage.

—Michele Cantarella

Soviet Union 1935. *By J. Stalin, V. Molotov, L. Kaganovich and others. New York: International Publishers. 1936. 440 pages. $1.25.*
This Soviet World. *By Anna Louise Strong. New York: Henry Holt and Company, 1936. 301 pages. $2.00.*

BOTH these books are as fresh and contemporary as the multi-colored tiles of the Moscow subway, which they both describe. They shine with the reflected glory of a First Five-Year Plan substantially achieved, and they describe in no less glowing and heroic

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language the approaching finish of a second plan in which the austere virtue of self-sacrifice is strongly tinctured with a very unascetic pride and confidence.

They are both success stories of a Bolshevik model. As recklessly and unblushingly as the speeches of Daniel Webster and the travel diaries of foreigners like Sir Charles Lyell described an earlier America, these books list the bewildering wonders and hopes of a new country and a new society. The refreshing understatement in the style of early Bolshevist tracts, as of early Russian motion pictures, has disappeared with the loosening of the belt. Compared to Lenin's naked, underwritten speeches, the words of Stalin, Kaganovich, and Tukhachevski are proud, fulsome, and a little drunk.

More than this, both books begin to answer for the first time the question left in the minds of intelligent westerners by even the most eloquent and sharply moving of earlier Bolshevik literature: what will this new life look like and feel like after its heroic age of sacrifice and hardship is completed? Here are no architect's blueprints of a new way of living. But there is here, in the jumble of wordy exultation and lyrical promises, a fairly clear picture of what, barring war, most Russians think they will have and enjoy of their long-awaited good life within their present generation.

It is an impressive picture. No one, for example, could read Miss Strong's carefully considered discussion of dictatorship in the Soviet Union and what it entails in self-criticism, worker responsibility, and widespread participation in the making of policy, and fall into the still common error of finding more than surface resemblance in the political ideas of Communism and Fascism. Similarly, Molotov's speech before the Seventh Congress of Soviets on democracy and the new electoral laws should be compulsory reading for the writers of editorials in American newspapers on the true significance of rights and liberties.

Like most accounts of the Soviet Union by foreigners who have lived there and know their way around, Miss Strong's book suffers from a basic uncertainty as to the language, in both words and ideas, of her public. For a middle-class American, still confused as to all but the location of the Soviet Union, it is wordy, lacks bite, and reads too much like promotional literature for a travel agency. But for other readers, and especially for workers (few of whom will have $2.00 with which to buy the book), it is full of wisdom and clear, simple reasoning on points that are important.

There is no such confusion as to the public to which the Soviet speeches have been directed. The longest-winded of them snap and crackle with the excitement of a meeting of industrial workers in Moscow. Orjonikidze interrupts a report on the achievements of Soviet metallurgy to lace into his audience for poor quality. Someone answers him from the floor, and for three pages the speech must be printed in fast, give-and-take dialogue. Even the ubiquitous insert '*(Prolonged applause)*' with which all of Stalin's speeches are punctuated looks plausible in print. If this is window dressing, it must be an industry large enough to justify even the wildest Soviet claims for the modernization of their country.

—Joseph Barnes

The American Army in France (1917–1919). *By James G. Harbord. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 1936. 632 pages. $5.00.*

During his more than thirty years of service with the armed forces of the United States Major General Harbord gave constant and ample evidence of his military ability and efficiency. From 1917 to 1919 he was, successively and successfully, Pershing's Chief of Staff, Commander of the Marine Brigade and the Second Division, and Commander of the Services of Supply. Now, in his retirement, he may rightly claim laurels as a writer of considerable charm and as a military historian. Subject to comparison with so many other memoirs and books on every phase of World War activity, General Harbord's contribution is distinguished by a freshness of treatment and approach, a wealth of interesting factual material, and an eminent fairness of outlook and judgment. It is an outstanding account of the part played by the military might of the United States in the greatest war.

One of the most useful features of the volume under review is the abundance of character and biographical sketches. In respect of General Pershing, there is a definite approach to hero-worship. Among the general officers of the Allied armies, Douglas Haig and Philippe Pétain receive especially high praise. Ludendorff is frequently quoted with approval and respect. For the politician in war there is little but blame and scoffing.

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In this book, as in so many others, the reader is made aware of the tremendous handicaps imposed upon military leaders whenever their plans must take into consideration not merely the strategic and tactical factors in any situation, but the political bargainings, Napoleon complexes, and personal ambitions of civilian cabinet officers, especially Prime Ministers. 'It is perhaps not too much to say,' according to General Harbord, 'that every major military operation undertaken by the Allies after the signature of the Secret Treaties was decided after deliberation as to its effect on the prospective interest each had in carrying out those treaties.'

Here as in General Pershing's volumes there is constant emphasis on the differences of opinion between the Allied leaders and the American Commander on the method of training of our troops and their possible absorption in French and British units. Pershing insisted on training for open warfare and extolled the value of the rifle. He opposed the Allied system of 'permanently exchanging "dirty looks" with an enemy in another trench but a few yards away.' Eventually, of course, Pershing's view triumphed, as did also his conception regarding the necessity for the creation and maintenance of an integral American army. 'The true statement of the issue that all through the War affected the relations between General Pershing and the Allied Governments and their military chieftains, except Haig and Pétain, is that the American Commander thought of his country as an entity in the World War; the Allies thought generally of Americans only as pawns to be incorporated and played in Allied units. In such circumstances disagreements and misunderstandings were inevitable. Certainly no American today doubts the wisdom of General Pershing's insistence on carrying out his orders from the War Department to organize and fight an integral American Army.'

Of especial interest to the general reader are the sections devoted to matters ordinarily overlooked in other books on our part in the war. Thus there is an interesting discussion of the question of military decorations. General Harbord believes that Pershing was less sympathetic in this regard than he might have been, with the result that, after nearly twenty years, 'the War Department is still bedeviled for awards of decorations.' A chapter entitled 'The Clouds Gather' contains a wealth of incident extending all the way from the suggestion made by an organization called the Purple Cross that an embalming officer be attached to each Division Staff, to the problem of securing proper transportation and communication facilities in France according to American standards. The system of promotions and demotions is analyzed, the rôle of the press is commented upon, and Secretary Baker's visits to France are described.

Elsewhere are discussed the tremendous problems of the Services of Supply, whose 'responsibility and accomplishments . . . comprised, generally, the procurement, forwarding, storage, care and salvage of vast quantities of supplies of all kinds; immense projects of construction of roads, docks, railroads, buildings, etc.; the hospitalization necessary for an army of two million men; the transportation of men, animals, and supplies by rail, by ships and by inland waterways; the operation of the largest telegraph business in military history and a complete and efficient telephone system; replacements, reclassification, according to aptitude, of many hundreds of officers and men; the establishment of leave areas and of welfare and entertainment projects; the liquidation of our affairs with France; and the final embarkation of troops for America, popularly known as "getting the boys home."'

Although generally avoiding the topic of politics, General Harbord does make some interesting observations regarding Woodrow Wilson's share in bringing about a change in the German form of government. 'President Wilson,' he says, 'mercilessly drove a wedge between the Kaiser and his countrymen. No other man is so completely responsible for the Revolution and the overthrow of the German Empire as Woodrow Wilson.' Certainly this is an important and a keen observation. The Germans were virtually forced, by outsiders, into a democratic form of government which (recent events should be proof sufficient of this) the German nation as a whole apparently did not want.

—Walter Consuelo Langsam

General Smuts. Volume One. *By Sarah Gertrude Millin. Boston: Little, Brown, and Company. 1936. 366 pages. $3.50.*

Mrs. Millin knew that she ventured into difficulties by undertaking to tell the story of General Smuts. She says at one point

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that Smuts is an 'inexplicable man to South Africans;' at another, that supporters and opponents alike were equally puzzled by something in him 'outside precedent.' Categories will not contain a man who venerated (the word was used by Smuts) men like Gandhi and Woodrow Wilson and those others 'who can do what they think right in the teeth of a nation's opposition.' To get at the facts of Smuts's life, Mrs. Millin has relied on books, documents, friends and enemies of the General, Mrs. Smuts, and General Smuts himself, who revised the 'facts' but not the 'opinions' of the book before its publication.

The career of Smuts is a thrilling one, whether it is viewed as the life of one who overcame the handicaps of poverty, or of one who led in the making of South Africa, or of one who fought England in the Boer War and defended her as adviser and soldier in the World War. His life was nearly as much devoted to creative thinking in philosophy as it was to political and military activity.

The book is marred a bit by Mrs. Millin's anti-German point of view in those sections dealing with the World War. The picture of Smuts is not at all times perfectly clear, being blurred frequently by the interposition of Mrs. Millin's opinions between the reader and the subject. The likelihood, however, is that any portrait of so enigmatic a person as Smuts will always require a bit of retouching by a person of such intuition as Mrs. Millin.

—Harry R. Rudin

Imperial Hearst: A Social Biography. *By Ferdinand Lundberg. With a Preface by Dr. Charles A. Beard. New York: Equinox Cooperative Press. 1936. 406 pages. $2.75.*

Hearst, Lord of San Simeon: An Unauthorized Biography. *By Oliver Carlson and Ernest Sutherland Bates. New York: Viking Press. 1936. 332 pages. $3.00.*

WITHIN a few weeks of each other two unauthorized biographies of William Randolph Hearst have appeared, both seeking, through the recitation of facts gathered from innumerable public documents, to destroy his influence upon national affairs.

Mr. Lundberg's volume attempts primarily to show the correspondence between the Hearst editorial policies, through their many shifts and turns, and Hearst's general financial interests and connections. *Imperial Hearst,* as is proper in a 'social biography,' develops its subject as an institution participating in national and world events, rather than as a personality. The biographers of the *Lord of San Simeon,* on the other hand, give greater emphasis to factors of personal temperament, dealing at times with evidences of a less tangible character which are subject to many possible interpretations.

Both volumes cover Hearst's incursions into politics and the swift changes in the policies of his papers. Where the 'Lord of San Simeon' is pictured as an impulsive liberal who moved at last to the extreme Fascist Right, 'Imperial Hearst' flirted with trade unions with the clear purpose of building newspaper circulation. As partial evidence for this, Mr. Lundberg notes that the liberalism, stage by stage, was coincident with the most severe anti-labor policies in the enterprises under Hearst control.

Of major importance is the analysis in the Lundberg book of Hearst's financial position and interests. A strong case is developed to show close association between the Hearst enterprises and the National City Bank and affiliated financial interests. The inference is drawn that Hearst's editorial policy expresses, not the whims of an individual, but the interests of a financial coalition. Large ownership in the 'inflation' industries, such as gold mining, is noted in connection with Hearst's campaign for devaluation. And Mr. Lundberg develops an interesting, although certainly incomplete, theory as to the reason for Hearst's consistent anti-British bias: British security holders threatened Hearst's Peruvian copper domain.

All in all, Mr. Lundberg has discovered and woven into a consistent pattern a tremendous amount of research material, tracing the development of an institution exercising continued influence over domestic and international politics.

—David Hyde

Powerful America: Our Place in a Rearming World. *By Eugene J. Young. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. 1936. 375 pages. $3.00.*

HAVING served as telegraph and cable editor of the *New York Times* and *World* for more than thirty years, Eugene Young now sees the United States on the brink of the

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most crucial decisions it has ever had to reach in the field of foreign policy. To indicate what has brought about this state of affairs, he devotes the first third of his book to the post-War struggle between France and Britain, with Britain trying to make first the League and then the United States underwrite its Empire, while France organized a rival system of alliances. Mr. Young then sketches a short history of American foreign policy and shows that both the Monroe Doctrine and the Open Door originated in Downing Street. He goes on to define the present issue as the Open World (Imperialism) versus the Closed World (Nationalism) and surveys the positions of the seven Great Powers. Except for his anti-Soviet bias, which leads him to commit several egregious howlers—he calls Lenin a 'peasant'—and his insistence on using the word 'realistic' instead of the word 'Anglophile' to describe his own judgments, his survey of the world is a model of clarity, scholarship, and good sense. But best of all he has a point of view. Mr. Young argues from beginning to end that the United States should take advantage of the balance of world power that it holds to embark on a policy of thumping imperialism in collaboration with France and England. This, rather than *Hell-Bent for Election*, should become the handbook of the American Liberty League.

—Quincy Howe

Seven Plays. *By Ernst Toller. Together with* Mary Baker Eddy *by Ernst Toller and Hermann Kesten. New York: Liveright Publishing Company. 1936. 434 pages. $2.50.*

PRIMARILY Toller is a lyric poet, and the function of the lyric poet is to give expression to the emotions of the individual. But Toller is also a Socialist, and the function of the Socialist is to point out and solve the problems of society. On these two elements, sometimes blended, sometimes in conflict, his plays are built to indict a world which denies the dignity of the individual and the worker.

Toller's first play, *Transfiguration*, reflects the poet who as artist and Jew is doubly foreign in his homeland. The war seems a path toward unity but betrays him and he discovers that 'if it comes to that, none of us has got a country. We're just like a lot of whores.' His fatherland is irrevocably lost, but he has found humanity instead, and the way is clear toward Socialism.

After this came the Bavarian Soviet in which Toller was one of the leaders, and the later plays are written from the Socialist point of view, from the point of view of the worker. In *Transfiguration* Toller as a poet had decried the mechanization of modern society. In his later plays he continues to write against mechanization, but now because it denies craftsmanship and individuality to the worker. *The Machine-Wreckers*, describing the rebellion of the English Luddites at the beginning of the nineteenth century, is a historical account of the resentment of workers against the introduction of machinery into industry. As a Socialist, however, Toller recognizes that the machine is an integral part of modern society, that resentment against it is not only useless but unjustified. Opposition should be directed instead against the abuse of mechanization which makes man servant rather than master of the machine.

On the plane of the personal and human, Toller's most moving play is *Hinkemann*, the tragedy of a man who returns from the war with his manhood destroyed and his life ruined. Party and politics are only words to him and they leave him unmoved, for they cannot touch his tragedy, which is personal, not social. In the introduction to *Seven Plays* Toller writes: '. . . only unnecessary suffering can be vanquished, the suffering which arises out of the unreason of humanity, out of an inadequate social system. There must always remain a residue of suffering, the lonely suffering imposed upon mankind by life and death. And only this residue is necessary and inevitable, is the tragic element of life and of life's symbolizer, art.' The poet in Toller recognizes the tragic residue of necessary and inevitable suffering, but the Socialist in him wishes to make all unnecessary suffering impossible.

—Joseph Kresh

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AMERICA AND THE LEAGUE

A Symposium—III

IN THE month which has gone by since we sent to the printer the second instalment of our symposium on the League of Nations and American neutrality, Europe has been marking time. Italy has continued to consolidate her gains in Ethiopia; Germany has proceeded quietly to fortify the Rhineland; Sir Samuel Hoare has returned to the British Cabinet; and Léon Blum and his cabinet of Socialists and Radical Socialists have assumed the Government of France.

But the international situation has remained unchanged. At this writing, at least, sanctions are still in force, and there is reason to believe that, despite Italy's successful prosecution of her war of aggression, they are not without their deleterious effect on her economic system. Nevertheless it now seems possible to say with some finality that in the East African crisis the 'collective system,' in the form given it by French duplicity and British timidity, has failed.

Precisely for this reason, the questions which THE LIVING AGE addressed to certain members of its Advisory Council two months ago become more urgent every day. They were:—

1. Do you believe that the United States should or should not become a member of the League of Nations or cooperate in its sanctions?

2. What do you believe to be the wisest neutrality policy for the United States?

Now that the prestige of the League has suffered so severe a blow, and Germany, England, Italy, France, Russia, Japan and the United States are all feverishly preparing for the next war they apparently consider inevitable, there is not a moment to be lost in solving the problems these questions raise.

ONE of the longest and most carefully considered of the many replies that our questionnaire called forth was that from Dr. Malbone W. Graham, professor of political science at the University of California, member of the European Conference of the American Professors of International Law and Relations, and author of a number of books, including the *League of Nations and the Recognition of States*. Writing as an authority on the subjects with which he deals Dr. Graham says: —

History will look back on March, 1935, and March, 1936, as months of outstanding crises, replete with incidents testing to its capacity the world's machinery for peaceful accommodation. The crises were, however, differently solved: in 1935, by the achieving of the 'Stresa front' of the major western European Powers; in 1936, by a failure to attain unanimity and the consequent revival of bilateral negotiations, by a falling back upon military consultations instead of diplomatic agreements. The essential difference is that, in the year between, the world has reverted to a previous behavior pattern. The computing of the nature of the pattern abandoned, of the behavior toward which we tend to revert, and the reasons for such a reversion are the most significant tasks in any analysis of the present crisis.

The fundamental political principles upon which the peace settlement at the close of the World War was based, I think it will generally be agreed, were three: the peace was one based upon the principles of self-determination, the concert of power and the attainment of collective security. On the foundation of the right of small, or backward, nations to live their own lives in their own way, the map of Europe and a fair part of the Levantine world was remade. The pattern of self-determination laid down by the peace treaties was further amplified by the conception of minority guaranties applicable where natural rights, in their integral assertion, came face to face with the concrete problems of administration in multi-national states. If today we see the peace structure of Europe shaken, it is because the principle of

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self-determination has been frontally assaulted, and because the system of minority guaranties has proved incapable of withstanding the tireless beating upon it of the tides of integral nationalism.

The second principle of the peace settlement was that of solidarity, transformed from an abstract political principle into a series of functioning institutions, of which the League of Nations is the principal embodiment. Collectively taken, they were intended to be the agencies for performing the world's social security services. The exfoliation of these institutions, their spread to ever widening reaches of political activity, their penetration into the subsoil of international economic life were expectations upon whose fulfilment the conception of a peaceful and reordered world was politically posited.

The third pediment of the peace was the conception of collective security, involving the application of sanctions by the international community to any potentially recalcitrant state. A corollary of the organizational forms just referred to, and a guaranty of the territorial settlement, it was posited on the reduction of national armaments to the lowest point consistent with internal security and the implementing of the sanctions system. Looked at in retrospect, the Kellogg Pact may be viewed as marking the high point in the ideological development of the collective system, as the highest evidence of common reliance upon the renunciation of war as a means of national self-advancement. But difficulty came from the fact that the new political internationalism was not followed by comparable action in the economic sphere. This failure to attain economic integration under the ægis of the League of Nations was the fundamental cause of the disaster to Briand's proposed European Union; it foreshadowed the withering away of the vitality of the organizational forms established in 1919. International solidarity could not exist *in vacuo*.

The present crisis, I have come to believe, is attributable to the fundamental denial, in three separate and distinct ways, of the three fundamental postulates of the peace of 1919. There has been assault on the principle of self-determination by the revival of imperialism; attack on the principle of solidarity by a return to the balance of power; repudiation of the principle of collective security by the resurrection of neutrality. The first is writ large in Manchuria and East Africa; the second appears in the reversion to the alliance system; the third is the historic corollary of the other two.

A primary consequence of the disappearance, in some quarters, of regard for the principle of national sovereignty and the integrity of frontiers has been the insecurity of small States. In the presence of violation of the principle of self-determination by the conquest and subjugation of other peoples the entire political structure feels itself shaken. Simultaneously, there has been a whittling down, almost to the vanishing point in some instances, of the system of minority guaranties.

The breakdown in solidarity has also given rise to a series of military alliances, although they are formally declared to be within the cadre of the Covenant. In the immediate post-War years, when they merely meant the establishment of the mechanism of close diplomatic collaboration, they were not particularly significant. But with the failure of disarmament, there has been a drift to pacts of mutual assistance which savor strongly of the pre-War alliance pattern, modified, as regards procedural formalities, by regard for the phraseology, if not the spirit, of the League. The Franco-Soviet Pact strongly resembles the *Alliance Franco-Russe;* the Mediterranean pacts meet much the same naval needs as were safeguarded elsewhere, in pre-League days, by the Anglo-Japanese Alliance. The changes are in formality, in procedural niceties, in the methodology of implementation; but that they subserve the same purposes as pre-War alliances seems beyond doubt.

The revival of the alliance pattern may be seen, when stripped of the Genevan ideology, to mark the reversion of the Europe which was intended to become one body, to the traditional balance of power. Military coalitions of approximately equal strength in war potentials may be in the forming, and the abandonment of the 'Stresa front' betokens the breakdown of the last collaborative efforts of an even pseudo-united Europe in the face of renewed aggression. Small wonder that appeal is made to the old, time-honored formula and characteristic pattern of neutrality by a baffled and unsettled public opinion!

In proportion as Europe, or the world of Eurasia, returns to the system of armed rivalry, the conception of neutrality, albeit in somewhat changed form, reappears on the

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world scene. And just because neutrality has been the fundamental response of the United States ever since 1793 to the situation of an unstable equilibrium in the world scene, the resurrection of neutrality from the oblivion in which it was left following the World War becomes an understandable phenomenon.

Under the circumstances the recrudescence of American neutrality should be regarded as a reaction, more instructive than rational, to the recurrence of the menaces which, for a century before 1793, involved America in wars that were not of her own making. Whether to meet the present situation by a reversion to the historic pattern of neutrality, or to take refuge in the collective system from which, since 1919, it has, in general, remained aloof, is, for the American public, a very real dilemma.

LET us first consider the alternative of the collective system. The relation of the United States to it is admittedly amorphous, and deserves prompt clarification. Certainly the establishing of formal diplomatic representation at Geneva, by accrediting a plenipotentiary directly to the League, would make for better liaison. Continued, fruitful coöperation, in and outside of conferences, on technical, administrative and non-political matters may be expected to continue, but formal assumption of League membership by the United States at the present time would be very largely a liability, without appreciable advantages to this Government, and without material influence on the general world situation.

Perhaps the last historical moment at which American membership might have possessed constructive values was at the end of the main session of the Disarmament Conference in 1932; events since then, alike in Europe, Africa and the Far East, have so deadlocked the situation, and forcibly altered the bases of legality as to make American membership in the League of Nations at this time devoid of substance or meaning except, perhaps, as a purely altruistic gesture.

The formal relation of the United States to sanctions and the desirability of coöperation in their enforcement is, in my opinion, contingent on the purpose of sanctions on the one hand, and the nature and scope on the other. If sanctions are to be concerted to deter or check aggression, in the objective sense of open attack on territory, as was obviously the case in the East African War, there would appear to be substantial consensus on their desirability, the only point for debate being that of adequacy of means to ends.

But sanctions as discussed in relation to the Rhineland crisis appear in a totally different frame of reference—as instruments for the enforcement of an obsolescent system of legality, quite separate from the question of territorial integrity, and in connection with matters which can only by a flight of the imagination be said to involve 'existing political independence.' In consequence, sanctions appear more as instrumentalities for the preservation of existing relations of power than as means for frustrating aggression.

It is one thing to consider sanctions as a weapon against conquest; it is quite another to envisage them as means for refrigerating the relationships of power. That is why there is no feigning, no insincerity on the part of Britain in demanding and continuing sanctions against Italy, but also why there is such diffidence, if not outspoken hostility, about their use as a means for perpetuating—even in the vacuum of nominal equality at Locarno—the relationships of power established by the sword at Versailles.

It is not far wide of the mark to say that American public opinion, which was not unsympathetic (outside of Italian-American circles) to the imposition of sanctions on Italy, is irrevocably opposed to their use, in any contingency, as instruments for the play of power-politics. In the light of the foregoing interpretation, it must be clear that any hope of American coöperation in sanctions depends upon their application as deterrents of aggression and not as auxiliaries of power-politics. Until such a decisive clarification takes place, the prospect of actively associating the United States with the sanctions system is exceedingly remote.

THE return of the United States to the pattern of neutrality was actuated in the first instance by the recurrence of imperialistic war, such as called into play the existing series of sanctions. But American neutrality no longer operates, as it did in 1914, side by side with identic neutrality governed by comparable international usage and law; it finds itself faced at every turn by the consequences of the sanctions system as applied to unquestioned aggression. That neutrality would almost cer-

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tainly come into force if conflict arose in Europe over power-politics, seems equally obvious.

American neutrality policy thus becomes, in the last analysis, contingent on the fate of the sanctions system. It is clear that the old neutrality of 1914–1917 has passed away without fully engendering a substitute. The new neutrality is still in the making, being caught in the vortex of two competing ideological systems, neither of which will permit it to return to its historic mold. The question is basically whether, in departing from the irresponsible neutrality of *laissez-faire*, now known to be untenable, the United States will swing over integrally, or only to a degree, to one or the other of the two antithetical systems facing it —the neutrality of autarchy or the neutrality of solidarity. Both of these alternatives deserve brief comment.

The neutrality of autarchy builds on the fundamental assumption that in time of war, as war is at present conducted, all nations, including neutrals, must be self-sufficient; that neutrals, to be truly such, must withdraw, both economically and militarily, from the struggle, immuring themselves within their own territorial jurisdiction and behind their own economic bastions. This type of neutrality posits its success in remaining aloof from the struggle on the existence of rival autarchies in both belligerent and other neutral states. In this it accepts existing or future economic strictures on commerce as the realistic foundation of a strongly nationalist policy, and considers the political internationalism embodied in the League system inadequate for the maintenance of a firmly abstentive neutrality. It discards the legal criteria painstakingly elaborated under the collective system, and proceeds on the basis of inflexibly edicted national legislation.

By contrast the neutrality of solidarity, posited on effective international economic collaboration in sanctions, makes use of all the machinery of political internationalism—the substitution of juridical procedures for determining aggression, and the implementing of differential sanctions—to bring about a common-front policy which, without going so far as war, nevertheless establishes a series of economic, coercive measures, chiefly of a negative character—all ramifications of a system of studied non-intercourse with the aggressor and considerable economic aid to the attacked.

Because the neutrality of autarchy proceeds chiefly by embargoes, it coincides, as regards the aggressor, with the system of non-intercourse exacted by the neutrality of solidarity, and may actually considerably augment its efficacy. Here a parallelism of procedure produces a parallelism of effect, but serves to pour upon the autarchic neutral the vials of the aggressor's wrath. When subjected to embargoes by both groups, an aggressor-belligerent loses the capacity for balanced judgment and objective political analysis.

I CONCLUDE, therefore, that an autarchic neutral proceeding, *pari passu*, with neutrals acting solidarily against an aggressor, in the enactment of rigorous embargoes, but not benefitting by promises of mutual economic help, will be subjected to practically equal risks without any compensating advantages. But sanctions, in their purely fragmentary character as thus far invoked, appear signally inadequate to bring about either a shortening or circumscribing of an existing war. Only a bloodless system of sanctions consisting in absolute non-intercourse and the cutting off of all external supplies to an aggressor can possess really deterrent effects. That the neutrality of solidarity was intended to accomplish this, the genesis of Article 16 of the Covenant clearly indicates. That, at long last, rigorous autarchic neutrality would accomplish a like result, but at infinite cost to the neutral practicing it, seems equally clear.

The principal trouble with both the alternatives to the outmoded neutrality of *laissez-faire* is that they cut athwart the traditional greed by which the neutrals of the past three centuries have exploited the dire necessities of the opposing belligerents. How to justify the economic sacrifices imposed by the newer types of neutrality to the average neutral citizen, accustomed to being peculator-at-large in a moment of historic opportunity, remains a crucial problem for the Governments electing either of the new types of neutrality. That sacrifices for peace under either system may have meaning to neutral countries, those sacrifices must be effective.

At the present moment, both the neutrals of Autarchy and those professing Solidarity appear to be stranded in the valley of indecision without being able, by the measures hitherto adopted, to shorten, circumscribe or stop a war. Only as sanctions or embargoes touch and cope

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with the deeper and more vital questions of essential war materials will they possess any deterrent value for an aggressor, or really effect economic non-participation by neutrals operating outside of the sanctions system. A far-reaching system of collective sanctions will never be frustrated by autarchic neutrals. Only such neutrals as may insist, in the changed economy of 1936, on asserting a right to trade with an 'aggressor-belligerent—as though the world's calendar were still 1914—can imperil the potential efficacy open to the sanctions system, if those who are its nominal adherents care fully to invoke it against an aggressor.

ANOTHER interesting expression of opinion comes from Dr. A. Guyot Cameron, of Princeton, N. J. Dr. Cameron has been both an educator and a journalist, having taught French at Princeton University and later serving on the staff of the Wall Street Journal. He writes:—

If doubt could have existed as to the undesirability of United States' membership in the League of Nations, such doubt now vanishes under the facts of the last few months. The world has seen a play of coercions; double-crossings; political perfidies now amplified into renewed breakings of treaties by those who have criticized the falsities of others; secret arrangements while pretending to loyalties to plighted political faith; underminings of allies and a long chapter of violated international ethics. Why join such a combination with all the complications that go with definite partnership in that chaos, congeries and danger?

Since the United States, torn between smug complacency at its supposed topographical isolation and assertion of its independence were all the rest of the world to be on fire with what threatens to be a universal war of so-called civilization, is unable to evolve even a neutrality which is not a farce, how think that inclusion in the turmoil of League of Nations impotencies and cross-purposes would either be of advantage to this country or solve the issues at stake League-wise? That game the United States tried once—at the Peace Conference. And whatever statements of wounded pride or of fanatical partisanship may superficially obscure the actualities, history knows that our participation was a personal and a political and a pecuniary failure. It is true that we might learn. If we do so, let us apply independently our acquired diplomacy and statesmanship and power. Even for that we are not yet ready—in many ways. Yet readiness is with every month increasing in necessity.

It might be well for the United States public to review a few things—particularly those it ignores or fails to weigh. We are undoubtedly a fundamentally Anglo-Saxon and Germanophilic nation. In this, we fail profitably to recall the Celtic and Latinic percentages of non-Anglo-Saxon raciality in our national composition and the enormous contributions of Hebraic numbers and efficiencies.

History is repeating itself and with increasing rapidity. And so will the history of 1914 in its facts and in its sequences. What, however, apart from the 'Me-too' following of Great Britain policies—as increasingly evidenced by historical proofs constantly coming to light in the stories of our later diplomacies (if they be that)—has been our attitude in recent years towards what may be called the Latinic?

What difference does this attitude make? To the average 'American' no difference. To the effect upon our psychology—apart from the question of truth and of decency—much difference. To the complications that may ensue when quick decisions may be needed, still greater difference. To the fundamental propositions of the near future, infinite difference. What is the paramount question internationally today as possible solution of threatening future? The friendship of France and of Great Britain. What is the British policy? As for years since the War: to play the game of and for Germany. What about the United States? 'Me-too, England!' Until we reform our so-called diplomacy we are endangering our own as well as universal safety.

LET us look at a very few facts—by no means minor but indices of our national spirit. What is internationally basic? Adolf Hitler has stated it: 'Inasmuch as France, deadly enemy of our people, strangles and robs us of our power, we must at all cost take upon ourselves the consequences which the destruction of the French hegemony in Europe involves. But much as we recognize the necessity of a reckoning with France, it will have meaning only if it assures us security in the west for the extension of our territory in the east.' Etc., etc. Is there indication of change in the spirit and the threat? None worth anything. But Great

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Britain works actively as Hitler agent and in every way undermines the legal and signed phases of Locarno as it did for the Versailles treaty when a year ago it made secret naval arrangements with Hitler without notifying its Versailles 'Allies.'

And the United States?

One has only to recall the furious fulminations against France of General Henry T. Allen, commander of the American army of occupation, in that extraordinary chapter of attacks which broke the rule of non-participation by Army men in difficult and delicate diplomatic or official positions, and which finds echo in the non-political action by Army and Navy officers from views to votes. But very shortly after renewed pro-Germanic and anti-French (in particular) predictions and promulgations by General Allen, the French completely withdrew their Army from the Rhineland, years before their rightful military tenure therein, under treaty provisions, expired. And the famous prophecies as to French and future action toppled ignominiously into the limbo of distorted and discredited prognostications and partisanships.

Again, France, through M. Briand, proposes to the United States a treaty for peace and of international value. For a year France can get no answer to its proposition. Then suddenly comes forth an enlargement of the French plan, to eventuate in what is called (by most) the Kellogg-Briand pact. But note that Calvin Coolidge, with scrupulous intellectual honesty and his characteristic integrity of statement; called it (as in his last Decoration Day address): the Briand-Kellogg pact (has any one changed his statement?). Note, also, that English statesmen refer to the pact as the Briand-Kellogg pact. Well, what difference does it make? Think it over. Quite apart from the delicacies, social or diplomatic or ethical, of political history.

Again, a few years ago, a wild wail comes from Germany: 'Save us! or economically we perish. AND, if we do, we pull the international house down with us.' President Hindenburg appeals to President Hoover. Was there any doubt as to what the United States would do? None. The moratorium! With what results? For Germany: repudiation; rearming; and economic restoration. Billions spent covertly and overtly for armamenting. For the other nations, which had accepted Germany's promises of reparations,—no recoveries of the sums involved, apart from certain payments and in kind. For the United States: the impossibility of payments to the United States, payments dependent upon the reception by others of the reparations due. Result? bitter deblaterating against France, which was the first nation that had the moral courage (one speaks only of the fact and not of the principles involved) to say: 'We can not pay as we have been cheated out of our income to do so.' Recall the volumes of vituperation against France. But when England or Great Britain and every other nation (save Finland and now partially Greece) did as France had done—oh! well, that is England, etc. Gray horse of another color.

Now once more the German cry: 'Sanctions? Unthinkable! You will ruin us—and if you do, we will ruin you who have poured monies into our laps! In the meanwhile we arm; we break new "scraps of paper;" we seize and violate territories under the police guard of international promise and protection; we demand preposterous favors and threaten you in the bargain. And we dare you to do anything about it. And we apply' as to Belgium 'excuse that can not hold there, even were it applicable to France,' which it is not, 'and insist that France be treated like ourselves, convicted anew of faithlessness.'

It is not a question of naming one nation. It is a case of whether any nation can 'get away' with it. Peace! Peace! And there is no peace! France was right as to 1914. France is right today. The world will bitterly rue—and before long—blatant condoning of intolerable violations of the accepted creeds of international relationships. These creeds remain the only insurance against dangers that will subvert the world. To allow the pastures of peace to be ravaged unmolested by packs of wolves will destroy every effort-making to raise crops that will bring peace, prosperity and safety to one's own and to other nations; that will foster international amities. It will not do to disregard the cry: 'The Philistines are upon us! Resist and now!'

Wake up, United States, and think ahead! But no League of Nations! Sanctions, if we wish! No neutralities. And no dominating Anglo-Saxon-Teutonisms for us.

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WITH THE ORGANIZATIONS

THE Institute of Public Affairs of the University of Virginia (University, Va.) announces the appointment of a Sponsors' Committee on Finance to stabilize the Institute's budget over the next five years —1936 to 1940, inclusive—'as a suitable testimonial to the services of the Institute to the country.' All those who are in sympathy with the Institute's objectives are invited to become members. The following classes of membership are available: Patron—$1,000.00; Life Member—$250.00; Sustaining Member—$100.00; Annual Member—$10.00.

CONTINUING its work of studying Central and South American affairs from the Catholic point of view, the Catholic Association for International Peace (1312 Massachusetts Avenue, N.W., Washington, D. C.) has recently published *An Introduction to Mexico*.

THE American Russian Institute for Cultural Relations with the Soviet Union (56 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.) has recently published a pamphlet by Osip Beskin entitled *The Place of Art in the Soviet Union*. Copies of the pamphlet may be obtained for 25 cents.

ACCORDING to the Joint Committee for the Defense of the Brazilian People (Room 534, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.), the more than 47,000,000 inhabitants of Brazil are now being denied all the civil and democratic rights which the Brazilian constitution guarantees them. The Vargas dictatorship carries out this repression under the cloak of martial law. The Committee states that the number of political prisoners in Brazil has now passed 17,000 and President Vargas's Minister of Labor is conducting a systematic campaign to exterminate the labor unions. Readers of THE LIVING AGE are invited to support the work of the Committee with their contributions. They may also be interested in subscribing to the Committee's weekly news letter, *Not in the Headlines*, the price of which is 50 cents for four months.

THE Foreign Policy Association (8 West 40 Street, New York, N. Y.) has recently published a report on *The Nazification of Danzig*, by Mildred S. Wertheimer, containing some very important facts which have not yet reached the American press. Despite efforts of the League of Nations and the League High Commissioner in Danzig, the report says, the Free City has become to all intents and purposes a miniature Nazi State since Hitler's accession to power in Germany. The Nazis have introduced what amounts to conscription in the Free City, and a growing Nazi terror exists there.

THE first issue of a magazine called *Yiddish* has made its appearance. According to the publisher, *Yiddish* is the only magazine devoted to translations of contemporary Yiddish literature into English. Subscriptions, at $2.00 per year, may be sent to 60 East 4th Street, New York, N. Y.

IN THE May, 1936, issue of *International Conciliation*, the monthly publication of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace (405 West 117th Street, New York, N. Y.) there is a scholarly report by Manley O. Hudson on *The Chaco Arms Embargo*. Dr. Hudson is a member of the Permanent Court of Arbitration at the Hague and Bemis Professor of International Law at the Harvard Law School. The price of a single issue of *International Conciliation* is five cents.

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THE GUIDE POST
(Continued)

many a newspaper and magazine article recently, but few of the discussions have been as vivid or as penetrating as that of Mrs. Edgar Dugdale's, which we reprint from the *Manchester Guardian*. Mrs. Dugdale has visited Palestine three times, most recently during the height of the troubles this spring. On the basis of her observations she places a considerable measure of responsibility for the conflict between the Arabs and the Jews squarely on the doorstep of the British Administration. [p. 419]

IN SPAIN, as in France, a moderate Socialist Government is in power, and among its many tasks is the completion of the much-needed and long overdue agrarian reforms which were begun in 1932–33 and for the most part undone in 1934–35. Professor Bonorko of Madrid describes the progress made since March. [p. 423]

SURROUNDED as she is by unfriendly neighbors, and exposed on all sides to attack, Czechoslovakia naturally devotes a good deal of thought to the problems of defense. From the Zurich weekly *Weltwoche* we translate a specimen of that thought—a Prague correspondent's views on the strategy Czechoslovakia should pursue in the next European war. [p. 426]

THIS month's short story, by a young French author, Pierre Galinier, relates an adventure in French Indo-China. [p. 429]

COMING DOWN TO EARTH is a young girl's account of what it feels like to jump from airplanes. The author, Lyubov Berlin, was considered one of the best women parachute jumpers in the U. S. S. R. [p. 437]

THE 'Persons and Personages' of the month are Léon Blum, the new Socialist Premier of France [p. 407]; Ibn Saud, King of Saudi Arabia [p. 410]; and the late A. E. Housman as seen through the eyes of a friend [p. 414].

OUR foreign reviewers this month include the English novelists G. B. Stern and David Garnett; Keith Feiling, historian and 'Research Student' at Christ Church, Oxford; Ramon Fernandez, a well-known French critic; Armin Kesser, son of the German novelist Hermann Kesser and himself a writer and critic; and Ilya Ehrenbourg, one of the Soviet Union's most widely read authors.

OUR own reviewers include Edwin Barry Burgum, a member of the faculty of New York University; Louis Hacker, of Columbia University; Joseph Barnes, of the *Herald Tribune* staff; Michele Cantarella, an Italian exile now teaching at Smith College; Walter Consuelo Langsam, historian, author of *The World Since 1914*; Harry Rudin, instructor in history at Yale; Quincy Howe, contributing editor of THE LIVING AGE; and Joseph Kresh, translator and free-lance writer.

OWING to hurried last-minute resetting of type, a number of errors crept into the article by Francis Delaisi we translated in the May LIVING AGE (*Who Pays the Piper*, pp. 196–204) and made nonsense of some of the figures in it. The third paragraph of that article should have read: 'It is estimated that the total value of her liquid assets is 450 billion francs. Of this 310 billions are invested in *rentes* and other obligations of the State administered by public servants, including 58 billions deposited in 18 million savings accounts. The rest, about 140 billions . . .' etc. And the fourth paragraph should have begun 'Of this capital approximately one-third belongs to the rich; the other two-thirds are distributed among more than four million small holders . . .'

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